

The Leader.

Oct. 29

A POLITICAL AND LITERARY REVIEW.

"The one Idea which History exhibits as evermore developing itself into greater distinctness is the Idea of Humanity—the noble endeavour to throw down all the barriers erected between men by prejudice and one-sided views; and by setting aside the distinctions of Religion, Country, and Colour, to treat the whole Human race as one brotherhood, having one great object—the free development of our spiritual nature."—*Humboldt's Cosmos.*

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VOL. VI. No. 289.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1855.

PRICE {Unstamped...FIVEPENCE.
Stamped.....SIXPENCE.

News of the Week.

IN more than one quarter combinations are forming which will oblige Ministers, if they continue the war, to explain the grounds on which they continue it, and to place the public in a position for judging of those grounds, and for modifying them if necessary. We have for a considerable part of the week been tantalised by reports that the Russians had been defeated in the open field, the Allies having landed an army at Eupatoria and advancing against the enemy on both flanks. The report turns out to be either a misapprehension or a fabrication, and the motives for the fabrication, without any reflection upon our London journals, can be well understood. It is more than probable that Prince GORTSCHAKOFF had reported movements by the Allies on his flank in the nature of reconnoissances, and this would suffice as materials to be blown up into the larger reports which we have mentioned. They appear to have been finally shaped at Hamburg, and since their exaggerated character has been understood, we have learned that Russia has been negotiating a new loan with a house at Amsterdam. It is a well-known trick with manoeuvrers, when true reports are unfavourable, to set afloat reports like that, which will be easily and truthfully refuted; the refutation thus affording the credibility as well of the true as of the false reports; and, if doubts respecting the adverse position of the Russians could be infused into the Dutch mind for twenty-four hours, the scheme might have some advantageous effect upon the terms of the loan.

In the meanwhile no real change has taken place in the position of the belligerents. The latest reports from the Crimea give us the Russians still in possession of the North Fort; the only alteration being that Prince GORTSCHAKOFF, still claiming a virtual success in being released from his numerous confinement in the south of Sebastopol, hints that the Russians are restored to their "congenial warfare in the open field," and likening the abandonment of Sebastopol in 1855 to the abandonment of Moscow in 1812, he rouses the Russians with a hope of the destruction which may befall the soldiers of NAPOLEON THE THIRD, as shadowed in the fate of the Russian army of NAPOLEON THE FIRST.

Reports still come, that the Russians have been defeated in a French cavalry affair, on the 29th;

and that Riga has been bombarded. But we have yet to hear what followed the cannonading of "some hours" laconically mentioned by the telegraph.

Nor has the position of the Allies at home materially changed. As time advances we begin better to understand the projects entertained by NAPOLEON THE THIRD, of which the war is a part, and the risks which he incurs in the desperate navigation of the course that he has laid down for himself. Unless our inferences from the facts before us lend an imaginative aspect to his proceedings, it must be confessed that there is something of sublimity in the magnitude and audacity of his schemes. We have examined them at length in a separate paper; suffice it here to say, that the principle upon which he and his immediate coadjutors have acted, commenced in commerce, is carried out in their foreign policy. They have endeavoured to concentrate in a vast ramification of joint-stock companies the whole commercial and industrial activity of France, so that it might be wielded by the hand of the EMPEROR; and this seems to have suggested plans by which he hopes to identify the material interests of his allies with the Imperial interests of France, and to render himself personally necessary to the immediate welfare of states as well as trading classes. He has already become so to the British Ministry in its relations abroad; he has become so to the growing dominion of Sardinia; a word from the Emperor NAPOLEON can make or unmake a King of Naples; Spain would displace or consolidate its dynasty at his nod; although his own throne still totters upon unestablished foundations, and his rule is only undefined because political parties in France are in a state of suspended purpose.

But the sharp risk that he runs is indicated by the latest events of the week. It is now estimated that the gold purchased by the Bank of France at an exorbitant rate amounts to not less than 4,000,000*l.*; for the Bank desires it to be popularly understood that it has substantial treasure in its coffers to meet demands that may be made upon it, even should it be authorised, under the pressure of a commercial crisis, to suspend the payment of its notes. The Société de Crédit Mobilier, which concentrates dealings in moveable property throughout France, has consented, at the dictate of the EMPEROR, not to issue the obligation of 240,000*l.* which it had announced. Indeed, as we understand the intelligence, the Society will

not issue even the half of that amount. And the municipality of Paris has found it necessary to fix the price of butcher's meat. The monopoly of butchers had sought to make a market out of the present high price; and Government is not yet prepared to extend free trade to that necessary commodity; so the people of Paris have to pay exorbitantly for meat, which remains bad under the operation of "protecting" laws, and the Government applies a cumbrous machinery to undo the ultimate effect of that semi-barbarous legislation!

There is no kind of dam that can separate the reservoirs of the Money Market from each other, and in London we feel the effect of the anomalous state of commerce and of finance in France. We do not lay stress upon the "tight" character which the Revenue Tables show. They present, boast the Ministerialists, both an increase on the year of 8,344,781*l.*, and on the quarter of 1,924,124*l.*—scarcely so much as might have been expected from the direct increase of taxation; yet, since we know the effect of augmented taxation to check the expenditure of the people, and so to defeat the Chancellor of the Exchequer, it cannot be said that these results are in truth unfavourable. It simply remains the fact, that with augmented expenditure our outlay has become somewhat light. Nevertheless, the influence is felt in the City, and still more is felt the abstraction of gold at a losing rate. Add to these general circumstances the stoppage of one of the most respectable houses in London, that of DE LISLE, JANVIER, and Co. The house is extensively connected with banks in Jersey, and with firms in Canada. One of the latter has been for many years in an unsettled condition; it compromised its affairs some time back, and it has recently failed to fulfil its compromise, the house of DE LISLE and Co. having advanced largely. There is nothing in the failure that reflects discredit upon the London partners, or that ought to occasion any uneasiness; since there appears to be no recklessness nor unfairness; yet the respectability of the house seems to have made the City people think that it ought to be superior to those contingencies which have shaken some other firms, not only into the Court of Bankruptcy, but into a Police Court.

While the third of the Allies, Turkey, is eking out her means of drawing from our market those instalments of the loan that have been stipulated, the fourth, Sardinia, is also suffering from some increased tightness in the money market; and

she participates in the increasing solicitude of moneyed men.

It is, however, natural that any belligerent, after a long continuance of the war, should begin to feel the demand for cash; and it is quite certain that the Allies do not feel it half so severely as Russia, nor even so strongly as Austria. We have already mentioned the failure of the Austrian plan for establishing railways in Northern Italy, and hypothecating them to the money-dealers of the West. It appears, however, that Austria has been endeavouring to raise means through the ubiquitous Société de Crédit Mobilier, but has failed in doing so. The very attempt shows the pressure which is felt in Vienna, and may partly account for those large sales of horses in the reduction of cavalry which have furnished beasts at once for the Allies in the Crimea and for Russia.

Sir GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS has appeared as the apologist for the war and its management, speaking as a Radnorshire Member to the local Agricultural Association. The whole moral of his representation is, that Ministers could not have done better for want of experience in war, and that a judgment must not be pronounced on the officers, even for the failure of the Redan, without waiting for the defence of those officers.

In the meanwhile, HER MAJESTY, through the *Gazette*, has pronounced the severest sarcasm that has yet been uttered on General SIMPSON. The public had given to him the title of G.C.B., it was his due, if not a baronetcy or a peerage. The man who had led the British in the glorious capture of Sebastopol deserved no less, yet what has been done for him? He has had one step; just the promotion that an officer might have had for his duties at Chobham, no peerage, no baronetcy, and he is not rewarded as having shared in the success, but as "commander of her Majesty's forces during the late arduous, and finally successful, operations which have led to the fall of Sebastopol." Yet, the impulse of promotion was not satisfied with the amount to be bestowed upon Colonel WINDHAM, who was made a Major-General. That was so perfectly natural, that something more was required to satisfy the *ardor promovendi*. It was felt that after such a victory somebody must be made Marshal; and accordingly, HER MAJESTY, for want of any present provender, picks out three old Generals of the last war, and marshals them! STAPLETON COTTON, BYNG, and HARDINGE, Generals of the Peninsula, known to our forefathers by those names, but to us as Viscount COMBERMERE, Earl of STRAFFORD, and Viscount HARDINGE, are made Marshals, as if on purpose to mark the rank to which SIMPSON is not elevated.

Whatever may be the ultimate opinion of the public on the subject of the war and its management, and the terms of peace, it is quite evident that next session Ministers will not be allowed to get off upon the plea that they can attend to nothing else. At the meeting of the Friendly Societies in Manchester, Mr. BRIGHT, touching the subject of the war, alluded to the shortcomings of Lord PALMERSTON as Home Secretary in handling the subject of Friendly Societies. He spoke home to his hearers, which must know how even the Limited Liability Act was clogged with restraint to prevent the humbler classes from sharing the advantages offered to capitalists; but Lord PALMERSTON helped to relax those restraints. Again, at Rochdale, where we find Mr. BRIGHT associated with SHARMAN CRAWFORD, we see that the working classes are prepared to come forward with their claims, and not to leave matters entirely in the hands of the middle classes and the aristocracy because we are at war.

Birmingham, too, is stirring in another movement. A public dinner was given on Thursday to M. DE METZ, the founder of Mettray, and around

him gathered all the English promoters of reformatory institutions—ADDERLEY, SYDNEY TURNER, PARINGTON, EARDLEY WILMOT, Lord CALTHORPE, Lord LYTTELTON, SPOONER, BRACEBRIDGE "of Scutari;" Mr. D. HILL was kept away by illness. Our readers must know the name of DE METZ—he is the founder of one of the most successful reformatory institution in the world; Mettray is the place where the school is situated. The plan is one of strict discipline, but unbroken kindness. The young prisoner is received as if he were admitted into a family, which the organisation of the school is made to resemble as much as possible. He finds in DE METZ an unwearied friend and adviser; but he finds also that his own personal comfort is essentially connected with his attention to the rules of the place. Still the most powerful incentive amongst the scholars is the approbation of DE METZ; and many a time have boys spontaneously come forward to confess their errors rather than deserve his disapprobation. Our own reformers, Mr. D. HILL, SYDNEY TURNER, ELLIS, and ADDERLEY, have copied the spirit rather than the letter of the French model. As we find that the French produce admirable dramas, but that their pieces have to be altered as well as translated for a successful appeal to an English audience, so the principle of paternal kindness is as successful at Redhill as it is at Mettray, because the manager knows how to seize the idea, though he does not place English boys under French rules; which would be as gross a mistake as to place French boys under English discipline. Never was there such a confusion of political parties as we might see in the representative men at Birmingham; never was there such a real moral order in an assemblage of men. But they were obeying a higher idea than that of party; and if, still overruling the distinction that divided them, they can continue in their union, they must do more than party can do, and recover for mankind what selfish and narrow legislation gave up to perdition.

SUSPENSION OF PAYMENT OF DE LISLE AND CO.—On Wednesday morning, an announcement was made of the suspension of Messrs. De Lisle, Janvry, and De Lisle, foreign merchants and bankers, with liabilities for 400,000*l*. The house was among the oldest and most respectable in London, and it is believed, apparently on better grounds than are usual on such occasions, that the liquidation will not prove disastrous. The circumstances under which the stoppage was resolved upon appear to harmonise with the reputation for honour the house has uniformly enjoyed. It appears that they had a large balance at their bankers, as well as money at call in the hands of discount brokers and in other available quarters, to the extent of about 100,000*l*; but that, being involved in large advances in Canada, which assumed a more serious complexion on Tuesday on the arrival of the American mail, they determined at once to suspend, instead of risking the property of their creditors by any uncertain attempt to sustain themselves.—*Times City Article*.

THUNDERSTORM AT LIVERPOOL.—A terrific thunderstorm broke over Liverpool on Thursday, and continued to rage with great violence from half-past twelve to half-past one o'clock. Rain and hail descended in sheets, accompanied by frequent flashes of lightning and volleys of thunder. In addition to an accident at a firework manufactory where there was an explosion which injured several persons, the ship *Mary Hale*, in the Victoria Dock, had her mainmast shattered. Many minor casualties occurred during the continuance of the storm, which abated as rapidly as it had sprung up.

COLLISION AT SEA.—The Princess Royal, Granton and London steamer, on its way south, came into collision on Saturday, near the Fern Islands, with a brig, name unknown, which was understood to be sailing for some northern port, and to belong to Dundee. The weather was very foggy at the time, which was the cause of the accident. Neither vessel was seriously injured.

Mr. SHARMAN CRAWFORD, who for eleven years was member for Rochdale, has received a testimonial from the inhabitants of the borough, in the shape of a silver candelabrum, of the value of a hundred guineas. At the meeting, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Miall, and Mr. Bright delivered speeches against the war, the last-named gentleman including a blow at the newspaper press.

THE WAR.

THE bombardment of Riga by the English is the only piece of certain intelligence in connexion with the war which we have received this week; and it is not worth much. It appears that four liners, one frigate, and three corvettes, bombarded the batteries of Dunamunde and Virrage-Boullen for three hours on the morning of the 27th or 28th ult., without, however, doing much damage. On the 25th, two frigates appeared before Old Salis, where ten ships were burnt.

In the Crimea, all is still uncertainty and darkness. Operations apparently lag, but perhaps in reality do not. In the meanwhile, however, the public mind is painfully agitated by rumours and guesses. A private despatch received at Vienna from Bucharest about the commencement of the week, states that the bombardment of the northern forts commenced on the 29th of September; that the Russian army was in full retreat; and that the Allied fleet had sailed with troops, whose destination was unknown. This announcement was to a certain extent confirmed by a similar despatch from Turin; but no official warrant for the news has been published, and the report is already fast lapsing into the limbo of all such shadows. There seems, however, to be no doubt that the Allies keep up a considerable fire against the north side of Sebastopol, which is feebly returned by the enemy, and that General Niel is constructing on the coast of the bay several batteries of *mortiers à plaque* of large calibre and of longer range than ordinary mortars. Concerning the present positions of the opposing armies and the probabilities of the future, we read as follows in the *Vienna Military Gazette*:—

"The demonstration—so often declared and so often denied—of the Allies from Eupatoria appears, after all, to be really about to be made. Prince Gortschakoff reports on the 23rd ult. that nearly 80,000 men are concentrated at that spot, that his left wing is repeatedly alarmed, and that on the 22nd there was a collision with the Russian infantry, after which the Allies withdrew to Urkusti; descended, however, the plateau again on the 23rd, and repaired a road. Since Urkusti, or Riukasta, lies to the north-east of the right bank of the Tchernaya, and Russian detachments stood before the 8th of September near Biuk Miskamia, on the left bank of the Tchernaya, it results from the above despatch that the district of the Tchernaya is in the hands of the Allies, and that the Russians have stationed their left wing in Tchulia and Kandi, their centre near Mangup Kaleh and Mackenzie's Farm, and their right wing beyond Inkerman as far as the north fort, while the bulk of their army is at Baktchi-Seral."

Admiral Bruat, it is stated, has left for Eupatoria with the last ships of the expedition; but the statement may be worthy of no greater credit than others which have gone before it. The *Daily News* observes:—

"What we know of the positions occupied by the army in the Crimea is gleaned from the statements of travellers and couriers; but all their statements agree. They tell us that the main body of the Russian army occupies a line from Duvankoi to Avankoi, Baktchi-Seral, and Simpheropol, and that strong cavalry corps are advanced from Sarabus, by way of Lea and Tala, on the road to Eupatoria."

A Russian paper asserts that no official account of the fall of South Sebastopol had been published at Odessa up to the 19th of September. The people, however, are, of course, acquainted with the fact from other sources, and must see plainly from this silence on the part of their rulers the deep mortification and shame that are felt at the event. Two significant facts are talked of at Odessa: the first, that General Annenkoff, the Governor of the Crimea, has made it public that no more goods, provisions, &c., are to be sent to that peninsula; the second, that the march of troops to the seat of war has been suspended. Stung with these facts, the Russians comfort themselves as best they can with gloating over "a successful skirmish" which took place at Kertch between the Cossacks and a foraging party of the Allies, and which ended in the capture of twenty-five English and French Hussars.

The Muscovites do indeed need some comfort; and therefore, according to a report, which, however, bears improbability on its face, the Czar himself is going to the Crimea to animate the troops. He has already been to Moscow, to pray to "the God of Russia" in Russia's ancient capital; and, while there, he addressed a rescript to the Military Governor of the city, in which, alluding to his visit, he said:—

"My happiness would have been complete if recent events had not dimmed the satisfaction of these eventful moments. My order of the day to the Russian army has already made public that, after an unexampled siege of eleven months, the garrison of Sebastopol, after having given unheard-of proofs of courage and self-denial, and having successfully repulsed six desperate

assaults, has crossed over to the north side of the town, only leaving 'blood-stained ruins' to the enemy. The garrison of Sebastopol has done all that man could do.

"I accept past and present events as the impenetrable fortress of Providence, which has given a year of sad trials to Russia. But Russia has supported still greater trials, and the Lord, in His great mercy, has always given her His invisible support. Let us, therefore, now place our trust in Him. He will defend orthodox Russia, who has taken up arms for a just cause—for the cause of Christianity. . . . I repeat, putting my trust in the help and grace of the Almighty, the words of the Emperor Alexander I., 'Where right is, there is God also.'"

Gontchakoff, likewise, has been comforting the troops as best he may. In a general order addressed to the army, he reviews the history of the siege, which he says appears unexampled in military annals when it is considered that the town was "heavily fortified in presence of the enemy," and that "the means of attack exceeded everything that hitherto could have been foreseen in calculations of this nature." He thus speaks of the result, and of the operations which his army is about to undertake.

"Taking advantage of the superiority of their fire at short range, the enemy, after the concentrated action of their artillery for thirty days—which cost our garrison from 500 to 1000 men per day—commenced that infernal bombardment (*bombardement d'enfer*) from their immense engines of war, and of a calibre hitherto unknown, which destroyed our defences, which had been repaired at night with great labour and at great loss, under the incessant fire of the enemy—the principal work, the Kermloff Redoubt, on the Malakhoff Hill (the key of Sebastopol, as a point dominating the whole town), having experienced considerable and irreparable damage. To continue, under these circumstances, the defence of the south side would have been to expose our troops daily to a useless butchery, and their preservation is to-day, more than ever, necessary to the Emperor of Russia.

"For these reasons, with sorrow in my heart, but with a full conviction, I resolved to evacuate Sebastopol, and take over the troops to the north side by the bridge constructed beforehand over the bay and by boat."

"Valiant comrades, it is painful, it is hard, to leave Sebastopol in the enemy's hands. But remember the sacrifice we made upon the altar of our country in 1812. Russia was surely as Sebastopol—we abandoned it after the immortal battle of Borodino. The defence of Sebastopol during three hundred and forty-five days is superior to Borodino, and when the enemy entered Moscow in that great year of 1812, they only found heaps of stones and ashes. Likewise, it is not Sebastopol which we have left to them, but the burning ruins of the town, which we ourselves set fire to, having maintained the honour of the defence in such a manner that our great-grandchildren may read the remembrance thereof with pride to all posterity.

"Sebastopol kept us chained to its walls; with its fall, we acquire freedom of movement, and a new war commences, a war in the open field, that most congenial to the Russian soldier. Let us prove to the Emperor, let us prove to Russia, that we are still imbued with the spirit which animated our ancestors in our memorable patriotic struggle. Wherever the enemy may show himself, we will present our breasts to him, and defend our native land as we defended it in 1812."

It will be seen from these quotations how deeply the wound which the Russians have affected to deprecate rankles in their hearts.

Accounts from Constantinople of the 24th of September state that 13,000 men of the Anglo-Turkish contingent had left for Varna. Five thousand French troops are said to be on their road to the Crimea. Almost all the forts in South Sebastopol have been found capable of repair without any considerable expense.

The war in Asia halts. The Russians are doing nothing against Kara or Erzeroum, and the season is fast approaching, if indeed it has not now begun, when snowdrifts will wrap the plateaux, and put a stop to active operations. A retreat of the Russians is therefore expected. There has been a rumour that Omar Pacha has been obliged to return, owing, finally, to the captain of his vessel not being able to find Batoum; but other accounts state that the troops of the great Ottoman General are expected shortly to relieve Kara, and that he is concentrating 100,000 men near Kars, on the frontier of Asia, a fact taken from the Russians at the commencement of the war.

If, therefore, the week's war news lies under a shadow of doubt, it is at the same time illuminated with many hopeful signs.

INSIDE SEBASTOPOL.

A letter published in the *Sémaphore* of Marseilles gives the following vivid account of the appearance of the city of Sebastopol after it had been entered by the Allies:

"I entered Sebastopol through an enormous breach made in the Central Bastion. A large fortified wall

protects all this side of the town; within it lies a suburb composed of small houses, which were no doubt occupied by various small tradesmen. This suburb gradually descends towards the water; four streets converge to a sort of platform, connected with a little bridge, which enabled the inhabitants to cross a street below when violent rains transformed it into a torrent. In this small space I counted sixty-eight shells that had not burst, and balls. We then proceeded to that street and boulevard which bear the name of Catherine; it is the fashionable quarter of the town; all the houses have but one story, are very neat, and are surrounded with gardens. There is not one that has not received at least a ball; they are completely gutted; all the furniture, such as mahogany bedsteads, chests of drawers, writing-desks, &c., was lying about the street. I remarked a considerable number of pianos, many prints (most of them rather licentious), and what is very extraordinary, portraits of the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie. The whole of this quarter rises in an amphitheatre just opposite Fort Constantine; the theatre is untouched; it is a pretty white building; when I passed by the scenes were lying outside against the wall. The church called St. Catherine's, a Doric temple, with a gilt pediment, has also suffered very little. In this quarter not a soul was to be seen; the streets were deserted, the houses completely abandoned; and it made one melancholy to see these vast solitudes. The whole town is now peopled with only 2000 French soldiers, who are encamped in the streets. General Bazaine, who has been appointed Governor of the place, occupies a pretty house, pierced, like the others, with three or four cannon-balls. In Catherine-street is a house which was occupied as a tavern; the doors have been torn down, and the soldiers have written on a board, 'Entrez sans frapper.' The soldiers amuse themselves with playing at pitch and toss, and shooting at cats, which are the only inhabitants of the town. Most of the houses have a story under-ground, where artisans had their shops. From this quarter we went down to the quays. The nearer one gets to the port the greater is the number of barricades. The Russians evidently intended to defend Sebastopol street by street, for at the top of every street is a wall of large stones, two metres in height, behind which small pieces of artillery were placed. On the quays, which are wide and planted with trees, it was more difficult to enjoy one's walk, as the Russians still occupy Fort Constantine opposite, and every three minutes they threw either a shell or a ball at the people who were walking about; an Englishman was killed in that way ten steps off from where I was standing. From this quay, and as far as the docks, we may distinguish the tops of the Russian fleet rising above the water; it has all been burnt and sunk, with the exception of a small steamer on her beam-ends at the corner of the military port. The streets are actually covered with projectiles of every description. The docks have suffered considerably from our fire; skirting them was a quarter of the town set apart most likely for workmen and invalids; it is now a shapeless mass of ruins. Nothing in the town has been destroyed by us; our artillery has only ruined what was indispensable; it was the Russians, who, during their retreat, sprung an enormous number of mines, and we are finding more daily. Even on Monday and Tuesday, the 10th and 11th, there were explosions every moment, and many fell victims to their curiosity. A Russian colonel, they tell me, was killed at the moment that he was stooping down to fire a new mine while hurriedly retreating. Since then our firemen have thrown water over all the suspected spots, and put out all the fires. Our soldiers behaved well during the first hours of the occupation; they did not then pillage to any very great extent, and allowed inoffensive men, women, and children to retire unmolested. Afterwards they spread over the town, and you may be sure, took very exact inventories of all that could be turned to any use. Thus, I met a soldier carrying off an enormous mahogany bedstead for firewood. To conclude, the general aspect of Sebastopol is heartrending; nothing but ruins, blackened walls, and gutted houses; the ground strewn with projectiles and broken or spoilt furniture; but few visitors in the streets; not a cry, not the slightest noise denoting a living city—all is mournful and silent."

The Special Correspondent of the *Daily News* gives an account of a ride which he took round the battered town; and from the paragraphs which we append it will be seen that, had the Russians chosen to contest the place street by street, they might have dealt fearful slaughter on the Allies, and perhaps have driven them back. The writer says:—

"Entering the town by the Woronzoff road, which is being thoroughly repaired by fatigue parties of our men, I passed round the eastern end of the Strand Battery, and commenced a leisurely ride through the region of shops and private mansions, extending from the southern extremity of the Admiralty Creek to the Cemetery and Fort Quarantine. . . . At the commencement of one of the main thoroughfares of the town a strong barricade, formed of heavy blocks of stone, and pierced with embrasures for two small pieces of cannon, which have been shoved round out of the way, guards the entrance to the street, and commands the summit of the hill. As this species of street defence is similar in construction everywhere throughout the town, I may here

remark that it consists of two parts, one of which is slightly in advance of, and in a measure overlaps, the other, so as to permit of a passage between without in any way breaking the line of barrier opposed to an attacking force in front. In some of the broader thoroughfares these barricades mount four pieces of cannon, and, shut in as they are on either flank by the houses, form in such instances very formidable street batteries. Behind all of them abundant supplies of grape, canister, and round shot had been placed in readiness, so that, what with a short point-blank fire from these and musketry from the houses on either side, an assailing column would have met with such a reception as few troops could have endured. Indeed, internally defended as it is now seen to be at every point from which a gun could have been worked with advantage, one's surprise at the abandonment of the town becomes increased the further one penetrates. To be sure, in the long run, its defenders could have been buried amid its ruins; but any attempt to reduce them by a piecemeal capture of the town by troops must have resulted in a loss which would have far eclipsed any the Allied army has yet sustained.

"Continuing my rounds past the Prince's Gate, I wound up the broad street which leads to that part of the town at the north-western extremity of which stands Fort Quarantine. Here the houses become much like those behind the Malakhoff, one-storied and semi-Eastern in appearance. In hardly any instance do the doors open on the street, but into little enclosed court-yards, entered by wooden gateways from without. But here, again, wreck, ruin, and desolation are everywhere enthroned: what the shot and shell of the besiegers had left unfinished has been consummated by the voluntary incendiarism of the besieged. Crouched amid the charred relics of her quondam homestead, I discovered a poor cat, who, on my endeavouring to reach her, raised a feeble and melancholy cry—eloquent of starvation—and, evidently in a far-gone stage of exhaustion, walked slowly away to die in some safer seclusion. Trifling as was the incident, it helped to deepen the sense of ruin and loneliness induced by the surrounding scene. Beyond this point, as I approached the defending batteries on the crown of the slope which overlooks the Cemetery, and opposes the works on the French left attack, the destruction done to everything capable of suffering injury reached its climax: in fact, the shapeless masses of ruins which covered the whole ground could hardly be identified as having ever been human abodes; scarcely one stone stands upon another. The ground, too, is strewn with shot and fragments of shell nearly as thickly as a London street with paving-stones, and honey-combed all over with the pits made by their fall. At several spots of open ground in this neighbourhood, vast heaps of hammered or chiselled stone had been collected, and are now piled up, as if in preparation for the erection of some public buildings; but the execution of this project, if it existed, is now, I need not say, 'indefinitely postponed.'"

INCIDENTS OF THE FIGHT AT THE MALAKHOFF.

A letter dated from Sebastopol on the 14th ult., and published in the *Moniteur*, contains the following:—

"One of the bravest soldiers, in passing before the redoubt in which we were, asked us whether we could give him something to drink. We hastened to him, and were happy in having it in our power to offer him a little brandy. 'Gentlemen,' said he to the officers who stood round him, 'you must also have the kindness to put it to my mouth, for you see my left arm is broken by the splinter of a shell; the bone will scarcely hold together, and I am compelled to support it with my right hand,' and in fact he was holding up his bleeding and mutilated limb with the other hand. When he had drunk, we endeavoured to give him a few words of comfort, to which he replied, 'Oh! I know the end of it; an arm the loss is but of little consequence, since we have the victory.' He then thanked us and walked on, refusing to have any one to accompany him. This stoical simplicity was evinced by all the soldiers, and the generals and officers set an example of it. General Bourbaki, who was wounded by a ball in the breast, was seen returning towards his tent, giving his arm to a wounded soldier, and a short time after we saw General de la Motterouge, who had been wounded in the head by the explosion of the curtain which unites the Malakhoff to the Little Redan, arrive at the Lancaster Redoubt with his face covered with blood, accompanied by a colonel and a captain of the Imperial Guard, also wounded. They were walking, and, notwithstanding their severe sufferings, would not allow themselves to be carried. Another fact well worthy of mention took place near the Cemetery Port. The ambulance is situated in the deepest and most abrupt part of the ravine, surrounded and commanded by enormous rocks, in the hollows between which habitations for the surgeons and officers attached to the ambulance had been prepared. A number of wounded soldiers might be slowly seen descending the steep path leading to the ambulances carrying others of their comrades more severely wounded than themselves. When, in the night, the first explosion was heard from the Russians blowing up the works previously to their retreat, all the wounded who were passing at the time halted on the summit of the plateau to contemplate the view of Sebastopol in flames. Forgetful of their suf-

serings, they remained there the whole night, looking at the imposing scene."

INCIDENTS OF THE FIGHT AT THE REDAN.

An officer writes, under date September 10:—
"The 19th Regiment has suffered severely. We have 10 officers wounded, 4 dangerously, and the others, all but 3, severely. We have 27 killed and 148 wounded among the men, and this out of a force of 375, all we could collect to go into action. Some of the officers particularly distinguished themselves. Captain Bright, who was doing the duty of paymaster, in the absence of Captain Glendinning from illness, and who might have remained in camp if he had chosen, went at the head of his company into action, was in the thick of it, but came out unhurt. Captain Chippendall stood for a long time, amid a shower of musket-balls and grape, on the first parapet of the Redan, waving his forage cap on the top of his sword, to encourage the men to come on. Nothing could exceed his gallantry. It is a miracle that he escaped. At last he was pushed from the parapet into the ditch, and fell among the heaps of dead and dying. A man who was by his side also fell at the same time, and was transfixed through the body by a bayonet. Lieutenant Goren and Lieutenant Molesworth displayed great bravery. The latter, though a youngster—quite a lad, just joined—had the coolness to light a cigar while up at the Redan in the midst of the fire. A shell burst over his head; one fragment knocked the cigar out of his mouth, another struck him on the back of the head, and sent him senseless into the ditch. It was not for many hours after he was carried up to camp that he recovered from the first effects of the blow from the piece of shell; it must have glanced off, for the wound it made was very slight. Major Warden was knocked over before he got up to the ditch; so also was Colonel Unett, who commanded the regiment; the former had a narrow escape. A piece of shell or a stone knocked up by a round shot passed across his face, injuring one eye, and stunning him. He was rendered blind for a time, but his sight is in no danger. Colonel Unett received a ball in the hip, which became fixed in the thigh bone. He was being carried back to camp, and had reached the first parallel in safety, when a musket-ball entered his neck and shattered his collar-bone to pieces. One of the men who was carrying him on the stretcher was also wounded at the same time. One of the last remaining on the parapet of the Redan was a gallant young boy, Lieutenant Massey, who had only lately joined the regiment. Just at the last, the poor youth received a ball which broke his thigh-bone, and he fell down towards the ditch. In the hurry he was not noticed by the men who were retreating, and he was left among the heaps of dead, unable to move till an early hour the next morning. Some men of the 93rd Highlanders then noticed him, and he was carried up to camp, where he had been given up for killed. He did not fall to the bottom of the ditch, and some Russians coming out took away his sword and haversack, but did not maltreat him. A few of our men were taken prisoners in the Redan, and were only found in the town to-day. They had received injuries which prevented them from moving, and were left in houses which had been converted into hospitals."

A letter from an acting surgeon of the 55th regiment contains the following:—

"Many a fine fellow was cut short in his career across the open by the grape-shot, which came in fearful volleys. I kept up with my regiment as well as I could, for the wounded falling around me kept me back. I bound them up and then made a run after the regiment till arrested by others, and so on till I got to the end of the sap which led to the open. To go further was useless, already there was such a crowd of wounded around, so I took up my position there—no enviable one, for grape and shot came bounding among us, wounding those beside me; two riflemen fell dead almost on the top of me; I had plenty to do, and time passed without my knowing how it flew—I was so busy. Cure, our Major, was one of the first officers who came to me, a grape-shot breaking his arm; then Richards, one of our captains, struck on the ankle by grape. He wanted to go back, but I would not let him, nor could he, if I had, for he fainted when I had him laid on the breastwork. Officers and men came crowding on, mowed down by the grape from the flanking fire which rushed over and among us, throwing up dust and stones, which dealt us no gentle raps. I was struck twice, once on the back, by, I think, a grape-shot, but I had no time to look, and once on the foot by a rifle-ball, both 'smarters,' but that was all. I was too busy to observe anything that was going on, so, except the first rush, I saw nothing. I may say, of the attack. While I was hard at work among the wounded the soldiers around cried out, 'Doctor, you must get out of the way, they are retreating!' So I looked up, and saw our men rushing helter-skelter into and over the open to the trenches in the rear of us. I did not exactly know what to do, so I drew my sword (which, by the way, got very bloody that day, but not with Russian blood), and went on with my dressing till I had finished all about me, and then thought of moving off. I could not leave poor Richards, as we all expected the Russians to be in among us every minute, so there was nothing for it but to put him on my back and carry him, which I did till I got a stretcher by some means or other, and raised some men of the reserve to carry him home. Then I

went down to the trenches again, dressing any wounded I found on the way. While doing so, Sanders called out to me from the trenches, into which he had staggered, with the knee-joint of one leg smashed and a bullet through the other. He bore it all splendidly. I dressed his wounds, got a scaling-ladder, and sent him 'home' too. The Russians did not come out; and when I left, the city began to blaze."

Lieutenant Harkness, of the 55th Regiment, thus describes the rout:—

"At length the order to retire was given, and now came the most dreadful part of the business; for a retreat is always worse than advance. Every one was in such a hurry to get down the ladders, and we were so closely packed together, that the whole mass of men on the steep parapet overbalanced, and they fell together into the ditch headforemost. I shall never forget that horrible moment; several hundred men fell headlong together, all with fixed bayonets and drawn swords; numbers must have been run through by falling on the bayonets, and had their limbs broken by the weight falling on them. It is miraculous to me how I escaped so well; I was at the top of the ladder when I fell with the rest, so that I was not so much underneath the others; I turned aside several bayonets with my hands, which nearly ran into me. My sword was wrenched out of my hand, and I lost it. It was every one for himself at that moment. As we scrambled up the counter-scarp, the Russians, who had charged back into the Redan on the signs of our retreating, mounted the parapet and threw at us in the ditch stones, grape-shot, muskets with fixed bayonets, live shell, and actually hatchets and axes. We returned to our trenches through the fire of grape and musketry, which was now, if anything, heavier than before, and the ground was thickly strewn with our killed and wounded."

A TURKISH REVERSE IN ASIA.

The *Invalide Russe* publishes the details of a despatch from General Mouravieff, giving an account of an action with the Turks. We read as follows:—

"On the 22nd of August (3rd of September), at night-fall, a column of 1200 regular horse, without counting the Bashi-Bazouks, with three Pachas and a great quantity of beasts of burden, left Kars, and advanced in regular order from the heights of Tchakmak, towards the village of Djaori. There it was perceived by the advanced guard of Colonel Baron Ungern-Sternberg, Lieutenant-Colonel Loschakoff, who commands the 3rd Regiment of Musulman Cavalry, charged from the flank the centre of this column, and rode into its dense masses. The rear of the column turned immediately towards the right, where it was surrounded and routed. As regards the head of the column, it made for the mountains as hard as it could, but Lieutenant-Colonel Loschakoff gave hot pursuit. He was reinforced by Colonel Ungern-Sternberg himself, and Lieutenant-Colonel Kischinsky soon joined them with two squadrons of the Prince Royal of Wurtemberg Dragoons. The pursuit lasted till daybreak; at different times, the Turks endeavoured to defend themselves by ambuscading in houses and in narrow passes. The head of the column, which had crossed the brow of the hills at a gallop, was met near the village of Akhkorn by Colonel de Schultz's militia and a company of Bellef Chasseurs, which hastened up in support; this portion of the Turkish cavalry was surrounded, and finally surrendered."

"The whole affair, which took place during a dark night and on hilly ground, was conducted with admirable skill and sagacity by the commanders of the different detachments. Aide-de-Camp-General Mouravieff speaks most highly of the excellent arrangements of Major-General Baklanoff, and Colonels Prince Dondoukoff-Korsakoff, Baron Ungern-Sternberg, and De Schultz. The Turks lost, it is presumed, about 500 men in killed and wounded in the encounter; their dead bodies lined the road as far as the village of Kizil-Chiadiok and in the passes; we took two superior officers prisoners, 19 subaltern officers, and 185 men; the remainder disbanded. More than 400 horses, three banners, trumpets, and a large quantity of arms, remained in our hands. This signal defeat inflicted upon the enemy cost us very little loss. We had one soldier (query Cossack?) and two militiamen killed; one officer, five soldiers, and seven militiamen wounded."

THE LAST LETTER OF MAJOR WELSFORD.

The annexed letter was written by Major Welsford on the 8th of September, less than an hour before his death:—

"Camp, Sept. 8.

"My dear B—,—This is about to be an eventful day to some of us, as we are to storm the Redan, the French the Malakoff; and, as you say, 'would it were bedtime, Hal, and all were well.' But I trust in Providence all will be well, and that I shall be instrumental in making her Majesty a present of the Redan, as I am to lead the Light Division storming party; and, if God spare me, to be the first in and first up. This is to be done by escalade. I am glad her Majesty has seen my photographs, and I now send you some more like them. No time for writing more, as the drums are going. Remember me to Lady—. They asked me if I liked the idea of active service; I will tell them more about it when this day is over. God bless you, my dear B—. Believe me most truly yours, A. F. WELSFORD."

WAR MISCELLANEA.

AN USTOWARD INCIDENT.—A French officer engaged in the capture of the Malakoff relates the following anecdote:—"Not the least curious episode of this memorable day is this: that, at the very moment our four regiments penetrated into the works of the Malakoff, a Russian General was preparing a distribution of crosses of honour. We made him prisoner, and a good number of his men too."

FRENCH TESTIMONY TO ENGLISH VALOUR.—A testimony to the courage and devotion exhibited by the English in their attack on the Great Redan is contained in a letter from a Frenchman published in the *Memoire de la Flotte*. "The English," says the writer, "covered themselves with glory in their attack on the Redan. When they met the Russians with the bayonet, a backing movement was observable in the ranks of the Muscovites, similar to that of a gun which has received a double charge. Then masses of fresh troops continually came up and assailed the heroic English. . . . The movement they effected at the moment of evacuation was that of a troop of lions; and the Russians took good care not to follow them." This evidence possesses a peculiar value under all the circumstances of the case.—Various letters from English soldiers who fought at the Redan have been published: they all tend to exonerate the attacking party from the charge of want of spirit. The struggle was of the most desperate nature; but a mere handful of English had to contend against a comparatively large force of Russians. A letter, probably from a French officer, mentions the explosions of five or six mines in the Redan while our men were there; but this is apparently inaccurate.

"THE PLACE FOR FUN."—Samuel Hambling, of Bungay, Suffolk, writes as follows to his relatives:—"It is a good day's fun to meet the enemy in the open field, but I don't like the trenches, and it cannot be helped. Our work is so close to them that the men can throw stones at each other, and they send the grape and cannister in among us pretty thick, and plenty of shells. We often see thirty or forty up in the air at one time. It is a beautiful sight, you may depend. The young men of Old England stand in their own light by not coming out here. This is the place for fun, and likewise for honour and glory. Only think of walking through the streets of Old England with a fine medal or two on your breast! Why you would not have the last trouble to get a wife, I think, especially if you should get a shilling a day pension, and then a man would be happy and comfortable for life; if not, I am sure it would be his own fault. . . . The Russians make a silly almost every night; so you see we are not in want of 'allies,' and Sally is a female name."

SARDINIAN REINFORCEMENTS.—Reinforcements to the extent of one lieutenant, one sub-lieutenant, two sergeants, five corporals, and ninety-six privates from each regiment of the line, and one captain with subalterns, non-commissioned officers, and three hundred and twenty privates of the Bersaglieri, are about to be sent to the Sardinian army. Some of the Sardinians at home are not without fear of the country being left devoid of sufficient protection.

THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL was known at Tunis on the 14th. The Bey immediately ordered the great event to be celebrated by salvos from all the forts of Tunis and the Goulette, as on great Mussulman festivals. His Highness further directed that Colonel Lion, chief of the military household, should immediately proceed to Sebastopol to congratulate Marshal Pelissier in his name.

THE RUSSIAN ARMY.—The last troops sent to reinforce the Russian army consisted, according to an English officer who writes from Sebastopol, of undrilled militia, many of them boys, many old men. The writer believes that almost every available regiment has been sent to the Crimea, with the exception of the Guards and Grenadiers.

COLONEL WINDHAM, C.B., is appointed English Governor of Sebastopol. The rank of Major-General has been bestowed on him for his gallant conduct on the fatal 8th of September.

THE NAVAL BRIGADE has been broken up, and sent on board ship.

THE CHANCES OF PEACE.—There was an armistice for a few minutes on Tuesday to effect an interchange of letters for prisoners. The Russian officer who conducted it, and who is supposed to have been the commander of the Vladimir, is said to have expressed the same opinion as the Russian Admiral did on Monday, the 10th inst.—"With this before us," pointing to the ruins of Sebastopol, "peace is further off than ever." The Russians have a very large park of artillery on the other side of the harbour. Many of the guns found here were cast at Carron, as is evident by the words on their trunnions, heads and breeches.—*Times Correspondent*.

MARSHAL PELISSIER'S DESCENT.—A story having got abroad that Marshal Pelissier is of Irish descent, Mr. Alexander Pelissier, of Mastfield, Clonmel, writes to the *Nation* (Dublin newspaper), to say that the family was originally Huguenot; that it fled to Ireland, and settled there; that a descendant, Alexander Pelissier, uncle of the writer, was one of the "United Irishmen" of the latter end of last century; and that, having fought against the English Government, he fled, and was never heard of again. This Alexander, the writer has reason

to believe, was the father of the present French Marshal, who is, therefore, the writer's cousin. We believe there is no doubt of the Irish origin of General McMahon; and an attempt is being made to establish a similar parentage for General Niel. But our readers will have noticed that almost every European who makes himself conspicuous is claimed by the Scotch or Irish as belonging in some way to them.

A "Te Deum" has been chanted in the cathedral of Constantinople in presence of Marshal Pelissier. Another church has been placed at the disposal of the English.

PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF A MONK.—The *Patrie* states that a private letter received by a Russian family in Paris announces that Prince Menschikoff has become a monk. He has enrolled himself, it is said, in a monastery near Moscow.

NICHOLAIEFF.—The Emperor Alexander, with the Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas, arrived on the 25th ult. at Nicolaieff.

SHUMLA is full of newly-raised troops, who are drilled morning, noon, and night. The fortress of Shumla is to be strengthened, and five French and two Prussian officers of engineers have arrived from Constantinople to superintend the works. The commanding officer is Colonel Bencke, who went to inspect the fortifications of Sophia on the 10th ult.—*Times Vienna Correspondent*.

KARS.—A letter from Trebizonde says:—"Reports are rife here of a recent attack by General Williams upon the army investing Kars, which resulted in a loss to the Russians of three thousand men."

"ALMA DAY" IN THE CAMP.—The 20th of September—the first anniversary of the Battle of the Alma—was celebrated in the English camp by the distribution of medals, desps, and ribands. "Alma dinners," with much singing and jollity followed, both the officers and privates commemorating the day with these festivities. The French, also, had their banquets, and, early in the evening, they performed a *Missa Solennis* for the repose of the dead.

THE REVENUE.

The official Return of the Revenue for the quarter ended on the 30th of September presents an increase on the quarter, as compared with the corresponding quarter of last year, amounting to 1,924,124*l.*; on the half-year, to 2,929,699*l.*; and on the year, to 4,344,781*l.*

The following is the statement for the quarter:—

INCREASE.	
Customs.....	£364,423
Property Tax.....	1,993,590
Crown Lands.....	4,944
Miscellaneous.....	59,963
	£2,396,920
DECREASE.	
Excise.....	£266,006
Stamps.....	103,344
Taxes.....	22,203
Post Office.....	81,243
	472,796
Net Increase on the quarter.....	£1,924,124

BOARD OF TRADE RETURNS FOR AUGUST.

The Board of Trade returns for the month ending the 31st of August were issued on Saturday, and present a further corroboration of the views entertained regarding the commercial position of the country. Compared with the corresponding month of last year they show an increase in the declared value of our exportations of 187,760*l.* Among the most prominent items on the favorable side are silk manufactures, woollen and linen yarn, and the various miscellaneous products comprised under the head of unenumerated articles. On the other side, the chief features observable are still those consequent upon the diminution of the Australian trade. The general character of the return, however, is one of remarkable steadiness, since in the great branches of industry, such as cotton, woollen, and linen manufactures and metals, the totals show very moderate variations.

With regard to imported commodities, an increase is again shown in the arrivals of wheat and Indian corn; but flour presents a diminution, owing to the delay in the American shipments. Coincident with the demand for breadstuffs, there has been an augmented importation of rice, as was also the case last month. The consumption of other articles of food or luxury has been upon a scale to indicate the exercise of economy on the part of the people, induced probably by the high price of grain. Thus, tea, coffee, cocoa, sugar, spirits, fruits, and spices, all show a decline. The importations of some of these articles, however, have been large, especially of coffee, cocoa, and tea. The comparative imports and exports of raw material show a large diminution under every head, sufficient to demonstrate that there has been no over-trading.—*Times*.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

MR. BRIGHT ON FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

A "TEA-FESTIVAL" has been given at the Victoria Hotel, Hulme, Manchester, by the members of the three Friendly Societies of that township, for the purpose of presenting a complimentary address to Mr. Bright, and a vote of thanks to Messrs. Milner Gibson and Sotheron, for their exertions in procuring the Friendly Societies Act of last session, and in defeating the measure introduced on the same subject, in 1854, by Lord Palmerston. The address was very beautifully engrossed on vellum. After tea, Mr. Bright delivered rather a long speech, in the course of which he observed:—

"Something has been said about a bill that was proposed prior to the introduction of the bill on Friendly Societies, which is now the law of the land; and I unite most cordially in reprobation of that bill. (*Cheers*.) It was the manner in which I felt stung by the scandalous insult which it was endeavoured to offer—in fact, which was offered to the people of this country—by a certain clause in that bill, that stimulated me almost more than anything else to give a particular attention to the subsequent measure which is now in operation. (*Cheers*.) It was the present Prime Minister of England who was especially instrumental in offering that insult to you and hundreds of thousands of other members of friendly societies. He knew nothing of your habits—nothing, or little more than nothing, of your interests—he knows far less than anybody here of what passes generally in the minds, and what is the course of life, of the great bulk of the population of Lancashire; and, acting upon some single case, which, perhaps, was misrepresented or exaggerated, he comes forward to stamp an indelible disgrace upon a vast number of the people of his own country. (*Long continued cheering*.) The contemplated measure would have treated you as if you had no natural affection. Does any man in the world consider that if the natural affection of the parent to his child is not a sufficient guarantee for the safety of the child it is possible for any miserable act of Parliament to give that guarantee? (*Cheers*.) Do you think the God who made us, and who has given us those inestimable blessings—those little children that are our heart's life—do you think He left the preservation of those children to the security of an act of Parliament dictated by my Lord Palmerston? (*Renewed applause*.) No, surely not; and I am delighted that the committee to whom the matter was referred sat, and that the pleas upon which this calumny was founded, were overthrown, and that when the proposition was endeavoured to be forced through Parliament by the weight of the then Home Minister, it utterly failed, and that after that failure you succeeded—and I must say to a very large extent succeeded by the exertions of the deputation from your societies—in procuring a measure with which the members of friendly societies generally have reason to be satisfied."

After expressing his opinion that a man with five pounds in a Friendly Society is more likely to be a steady workman than if he had nothing to fall back on, and that he will always be in a position to demand higher wages, Mr. Bright alluded to the emancipation of the newspaper from the penny stamp, and, briefly touching on the war, remarked that, whether it be right or wrong, it is highly necessary that the people should be informed of its progress, and capable of keeping a check on its management. As an illustration of its effects, he mentioned the increasing number of empty houses in Manchester—this year, 7000; last year, 6000; and the previous year 5000. He resumed his seat amidst much applause.

MR. BAXTER, M.P., ON "SOMETHING WORSE THAN WAR."

Mr. Baxter, the member for Montrose, has been recently meeting his constituents, in order that he might give an early account of his stewardship, and afford his constituents an opportunity of expressing their opinions with respect to his Parliamentary conduct. The Town Hall was crowded; and, the Provost having complimented Mr. Baxter on the faithful discharge of his duties, a cordial vote of thanks was passed. In the course of his address, Mr. Baxter said:—

"There is no man living who is more deeply impressed than I am with the dreadful evils to which war gives rise. Is it not even at this moment bringing sorrow into a thousand homes, adding to our national burdens, checking our course of free trade legislation, and interfering in countless ways with our prosperity? But is nothing worse than war? Look at Naples. Accompany me in thought for a moment to the land of the olive and the vine, to the sunny skies and bright blue waves of Southern Italy. There you have, in its physical aspect, a garden like that which the Creator first planted by the banks of the Euphrates—in its moral, so full of horrors that Dante alone could adequately describe it. The air is balmy, the soil is rich, the fig trees embower the gardens, vines cluster on the mountains, the plains wave with the finest wheat, and every valley is a Goshen. But the last of the Bourbons, like the destroying angel of Egypt, hovers over the territory and fills

it with woe. The stillness of death pervades every family; for who knows that his neighbour is not a spy? Who knows that, innocent and harmless as he is, before sunset he will not be immured in some dreadful dungeon, the horrors of which no pen can describe? Every mind is in an agony of suspense—every ear listens for the knock of the *sbirri*—every eye watches for the myrmidons of a base and detested despot. But it is the silence which precedes the roar of the volcano; and to my mind, gentlemen, this dreadful silence is worse than war. I know that hostilities, when they do break out, must darken many a hearth. But, were I a Neapolitan, at this very moment I should require no twice-repeated signal to buckle on my armour and say, 'God defend the right!' (*Great applause*.) It is said that we are a commercial nation, and that fighting is not our province. Now, history may instruct us on this point too. Some nations have striven to perpetuate their existence and their power by conquest; others have trusted entirely to their wealth derived from trade. The one neglected altogether the arts of peace, the other neglected altogether the means of defence and provision for the public honour; and both stand out as beacons, warning us to shun extremes and endeavour to pursue a middle course—avoiding, on the one hand, the lust of conquest, and, on the other, that sordid spirit which sacrifices everything to the money-making of the hour. (*Cheers*.) Let us not be blind to the fate of empires which preceded ours; but, glancing back to the old world, keep in mind that, while the stranger wanders for hours, solitary and musing, among the ivy-crowned columns, the crumbling walls, and cypress thickets on the site of the palace of the Cæsars, in the midst of imperial and all-conquering Rome, commercial nations have fallen too; for the tideless waves of the Mediterranean break silently in upon that deserted beach where once dwelt, in almost regal splendour, the merchant-princes of Tyre."

HEREFORDSHIRE PASSES JUDGMENT ON MR. MECCHI.

The Fifteenth Annual Meeting of the Herefordshire Agricultural Society was held at Ledbury on Thursday week. A Mr. R. D. Cooke was in the chair; and this gentleman undertook to "put down" Mr. Mecchi. From the marks of approval with which his observations were met, we may fairly judge that he spoke, not merely his own individual opinion, but the opinion of corporate Herefordshire. Mr. Cooke, it seems, does not regard Mr. Mecchi as a farmer at all. Mr. Mecchi, believing that "any fool will do for a farmer," has forgotten to ask himself how it is that "farming has made so many wise men fools." (Here the meeting, touched as with a personal reference, cheered.) Mr. Mecchi thought that farmers could not go to too great an expense in farming; but Mr. Cooke could inform the meeting that "gold might be bought too dearly." Mr. Mecchi spent a pound in experiments that he might save a penny in manure. Mr. Mecchi had been called "a great star" in agriculture; but to the philosophic gaze of Mr. Cooke he appeared more like a Will-o'-the-wisp. (*Great cheering*.) His system is "the broad farce of farming;" it is, indeed, "supported by the *Times*," but that is because the *Times* is ignorant of country matters. Nevertheless, the candid Cooke admitted that Mr. Mecchi is "a useful man as an experimentalist and as a hobby-horse farmer." Cooke, therefore, does not bear too hard on Mecchi; but Herefordshire has pronounced awful judgment, and Mecchi is put out of court.

MR. VERNON SMITH, M.P., has been addressing a meeting at Kettering on the war. His remarks were not of a nature to call for analysis or quotation.

MR. HOBBSMAN, M.P., Chief Secretary for Ireland, visited Belfast last week, and was entertained at a grand *déjeuner*. On returning thanks for his health being drunk, he congratulated his auditory on the astonishing progress which Ireland had made within the last seven years, and passed high encomiums on the Irish character.

DR. CULLEN AND IRISH CATHOLIC "REFORM."

DR. CULLEN, the Catholic Legate in Ireland, is about to introduce certain "reforms" of a rather important nature into the management of the Irish Church. The Propaganda, which appears to be greatly influenced by Dr. Cullen, who is now at Rome, has found out—that Irish priests are in the habit of mixing themselves up to an undue extent with political questions, of appealing from the altar in virulent language to the fiercest passions of the people, and of forgetting the offices of religion in the noisy declamation of partisanship. Dr. Cullen desires to reform this, and so far nothing can be better; but the ulterior designs he has in view will not meet with much approval among Englishmen. A letter from Rome, published in the *Times* Paris Correspondence, sets forth the whole plan. The writer says:—

"The zeal in favour of Rome exercised by the Irish Catholics throughout the vast dominions of Great Britain, America, and wherever the English language is

spoken, has earned for the Church of their native land a singular share of the solicitude of Propaganda. The Holy Father is well acquainted with the good qualities of the Irish character and their fidelity to the Holy See; but it must not be supposed that he is ignorant of their many shortcomings. It could not be expected that the traces of past sufferings could all at once be effaced; and it is hardly to be wondered at that the prelacy and clergy of the old school and of the 'evil days,' should not be quite alive to the opportunities and exigencies of more modern and happier times. The interference in politics of the clergy, their dissensions on merely political, or on religio-political questions, and the manner in which some among them have viewed certain Papal decisions on these matters, have for some time met with much disfavour here; but as no dogma or article of faith has been called in question, or even any touching moral or essential discipline, the Holy See, with its usual prudence, and with that spirit which bears patiently, but which never loses sight of its object, has hitherto tolerated the evil while awaiting an opportunity for a radical reformation among the turbulent clergy of Ireland."

After deploring the tendency to turmoil and political strife of the Irish priesthood, and dwelling on the scandal to the Church which is thus produced, the writer proceeds:—

"The ceremonies of the Church and the splendour of public worship are consequently neglected and comparatively unknown in Ireland; their religious and civil duties are not inculcated among the faithful; and the spirit of prayer and affection for spiritual exercises which exist in other Catholic countries are not found among a docile and impulsive people, singularly favoured with the gifts of nature, and the grace necessary to raise them to a high degree of Christian perfection. To whom and to what all that is attributable it is superfluous to say. To remedy these evils, it is proposed to confine as much as possible the clergy to their proper functions, and to impose wholesome restraints on their interference in political or quasi-political questions. They are not to be debarred the exercise of their rights as citizens, nor the employment of the influence attaching to their characters in civil or political affairs; but, as that influence is solely derived from their sacred character, and, as they have taken the Church for their inheritance, it is but right that their conduct in that respect should be always subordinate to the interests of religion. It cannot be questioned that the respectable English and Irish Catholics have been much hurt, if not scandalised, at the part taken in political agitation by the Irish clergy. It is, therefore, proposed that that clergy shall confine themselves to the quiet, unobtrusive exercise of their individual rights as citizens, and that their influence shall be felt only in counsel and private persuasion. In questions where a difference of opinion may arise, the bishop of the diocese, or rather the Apostolic Legate himself, will indicate the course to be followed, and thus unity of action will be always secured.

"The seminaries are to be modelled on those of Italy, and all the traces of a profane spirit and legislation are to be effaced whenever and as soon as it is possible to do so. More time is to be given for contemplation and spiritual exercises, and the young Levites are to see constantly before their eyes the complete subordination which they are to practise when they are promoted to the Ministry. The seminaries are, in fact, to become miniatures, as it were, of the dioceses, and the position and authority of their rectors are to correspond with those of the bishops, and to depend on the Legate in Ireland, or some other representative of Rome."

It will be seen that the effect of these arrangements will be to lay Catholic Ireland still more completely at the feet of Rome.

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR.—On Saturday last, Michaelmas Day ("goose-day" it is called in popular phraseology), the new Lord Mayor was elected according to custom. Several names were proposed; but the show of hands among the livery was in favour of Alderman David Salomons and Alderman Finnis, and ultimately the former was elected. The announcement was received with great cheering. Thanks were voted to the Sheriffs for the past year, and to the present Lord Mayor, after a brief protest, on the part of a Mr. Jones, who thought Sir Francis Moon had not sufficiently encouraged art and science, and who objected to the policy of the French Imperial visit to this country. He was met, however, with great tumult, and was obliged to sit down. The present Lord Mayor, in returning thanks, made some very grandiloquent remarks. He said:—"The present year has been one replete with events which will occupy a prominent place on the page of history, and I trust that, in the performance of my duties as chief magistrate in connexion with those events, my country has been benefited by the course which I have adopted. (Cheers.) I should be sorry to boast of what I have done, because I do not believe that that would be consistent with dignity; but, at the same time, circumstances arose which compelled me to take a very prominent part in the reception of the Em-

peror and Empress of the French and the municipality of Paris on the occasion of their recent visit to this country. Although I never did profess to be a rich man, yet I can declare to you that, individually, I did my utmost to uphold the dignity of the City, and, in the interchange of courtesies between the municipalities of London and Paris, I endeavoured to maintain its ancient reputation for hospitality. (Cheers.) It was of the most vital importance that we, as citizens, should do what we did. I believe that the course which we adopted warmed the heart of the French nation, and induced them to feel towards us that sympathy and regard which we Englishmen are so desirous to promote. I believe that what the City did upon the occasion of the Imperial visit will hereafter be looked at as one of the greatest events of modern times."

INAUGURATION OF THE NEW SHERIFFS OF LONDON AND MIDDLESEX.—The two new Sheriffs are Alderman R. H. Kennedy and Alderman W. A. Rose, both natives of Scotland. The ceremony of their inauguration took place on Monday before Mr. Baron Platt in the Court of Exchequer, the Recorder Baron being absent from illness. The Recorder having given a biographical sketch of the two gentlemen, they were presented to the Judge. After certain routine forms with respect to the new Sheriffs had been gone through, a ceremony was performed of so preposterous a nature that it is surprising how it could have been acted with becoming gravity. The usual proclamations were made for suit and service to the Crown in respect of certain lands held by the citizens of London of the Crown in Shropshire. Mr. Alderman Finnis came forward, as the senior Alderman below the chair, to do service with a bill-hook and some faggots, amidst considerable amusement, as suit and service for a piece of land called the Moor in Shropshire. The Remembrancer declared the service well performed, and the learned Judge gravely confirmed the decision. —Proclamation was then made in respect of a piece of land and building called the Forge, in Essex-street, in the parish of St. Clement's Dane. Alderman Finnis did suit and service by counting six tolerably large horse shoes and sixty-one hob-nails. This concluded the ceremony of inauguration.

SABBATARIAN RESTRICTIONS.

A very calm, temperate, and lucidly written petition in favour of opening the British Museum and National Gallery on Sundays is now lying for signature at various places throughout London. We append some of the most striking passages, merely premising that the object has our most hearty good wishes:—

"To the Honourable the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled.

"Your petitioners, employers and workmen, members of the jewellery, goldsmiths, silversmiths, and other trades, beg to call the attention of your honourable House to the important subject contained in the following petition:—

"They would premise that in approaching this question they are actuated by no spirit of irreligion—no contempt for the established forms of worship, or the sacred expression of private devotion; but by the firm belief that the proper study and contemplation of the creations of nature, and of the works of art, tend powerfully to enlarge the mind, and to open to it a true perception of the Deity. They are the more anxious to impress this belief on your honourable House, as they know that it is the fate of those who contend for an alteration of existing Sabbath regulations to be stigmatised as impious and infidel.

"From the nature of the occupations of your petitioners, it is essential to complete success that they should obtain a certain knowledge of the laws of art, and be enabled to correct those errors in taste, as to the true principles of ornament, which earlier prohibitions, restrictions, and a generally defective education have entailed upon them; for it is only too obvious to them that, in the manufacture of articles commonly styled of luxury, and in the general employment of skill as connected with art, foreign labour is commonly preferred to their own, is better remunerated, and already threatens to thrust them, in some degree, from the field of their labours. Nor can they ascribe their assumed deficiency in this department to any other cause than insufficient instruction, and the want of that free access to the Governmental collections of natural objects, of paintings, and of sculpture, which form so prominent a feature in the interior arrangements of continental cities. The capitals, no less than the smaller towns of France, Belgium, Holland, and others, might well serve as examples in this particular, for in them public institutions of every description are freely accessible on Sunday. In Vienna, the school for youths and adults, held in the Polytechnic Institution, for instruction in drawing and design, with special reference to trade, is also open on this day. Nor can it be urged that this liberty of viewing the most beautiful works of ancient and modern art has been productive of evil consequences, for the peaceable and scrupulous behaviour of the working population of foreign cities is constantly paraded before the English mechanic as most worthy of imitation.

"In temperance, and in general morality, the mecha-

nics of Continental nations, especially of Germany, cannot be placed below the like class in England; while in the cities of Scotland, where the Sabbath is most rigidly observed, intemperance and its consequent degradation, physical and moral, prevail to a larger extent than, without the evidence of Parliamentary returns, could be believed to co-exist with the strict theological teaching for which that country is renowned.

"It must be evident to every one who walks through those parts of the metropolis inhabited by the poorer portion of the people, that the present prohibitory system of Sabbath observance has utterly failed to effect the moral regeneration of the people—nay, even helps further to demoralise them. If a freer and a better system prove unsuccessful in reforming the old, it will yet do something for the young. It is our deliberate conviction that a large proportion of those who, Sunday after Sunday, habitually pursue a course of degradation and vice, would have been saved from a condition so deplorable had opportunities been offered them in youth of studying the wonders of nature and the beauties of art. It is the constant familiarity with beautiful forms which is the simplest and most effective teacher of all that is graceful and applicable in art; for it is through the eye that the perceptive and moral faculties are most easily reached; and such visual education would be the most practical means of rendering our working population not only more elevated in artistic taste, but more intelligent as citizens, and in every way better as men."

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

THE Belgians have been celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of their revolution. The people seem to be as enthusiastic as ever; but the royal family, according to the account of an eye-witness who records the celebration in the *Times*, appear to be getting hke them in their celebration of the national victory. He writes:—"Although the King, the royal family, and the chief Ministers of the Crown have been prodigal of their presence at the musical *concerts*, distributions of prizes, and shows, they have studiously withheld their countenance from such incidents of the celebration as entailed any allusion, direct or indirect, to the revolution of 1830, or exhibited a patriotic sympathy for those who fought and fell in September. Not only did royalty abstain from appearing at St. Gudeule during the funeral ceremony in honour of those victims of the nation's struggle for independence (the solitary feature in the programme, the formalities at the Place des Martyrs excepted, which immediately recalls the important events that gave liberty to Belgium); but, what was worse, the flag of the revolution was denied the usual honours, and neither in the cathedral nor on the Place Royale did the troops present arms as it passed. In the church, the soldiers were under arms; but on the Place Royale not even that mark of respect was paid to the national standard. The chief of the Civic Guard (General Peitheim) has been violently rated for this discourtesy by the organs of the Liberal party."

Prussia has been visited by a bad harvest, which, coming after three years of inundations, with harvest below the average, threatens the people with high prices during the winter, and introduces a new element of danger into the political condition of the country. Government has therefore suspended for the third year the import duties on corn, and for the support of the army, has made purchases of grain in the United States, to the amount, it is stated, of 5,000,000 thalers.

The King and Queen of Prussia have been travelling incognito as the Count and Countess of Zollern. The complimentary visit of the King of Wurtemberg has been made the subject of remark, on account of the vehement opposition of that monarch, in 1848, to the Imperial aspirations of Frederick William. The contemplated marriage of the Princess Louisa, daughter of the Prince and Princess of Prussia, with the Prince Regent of Baden, appears to have been broken off, at any rate to have been indefinitely postponed.

General Monge and Count Malher, Prefect of the Moselle, have been to Sarrebruck, to congratulate the King of Prussia, in the name of the French Emperor, on his passage through that city. The King, it is said, was particularly gracious, and, when taking leave, said to General Monge, "I feel particularly pleased with the attention, intention, and choice of the deputation."

The ratifications of the Concordat between the Papal chair and Austria have been exchanged; but the conditions are not yet published.

The assertion that propositions for peace have been made by Prussia, and peremptorily rejected by Russia and England, has been denied.

The Bavarian Chamber has presented an address to the throne, in which the following significant passage occurs:—"We unite with your Majesty in thanking Divine Providence that the war which now convulses Europe has been kept at a distance from our native country; but the concord and strength of Germany, and the future salutary development of the Confederation, can only be assured if the so long desired and so solemnly promised improvement of the Federal Constitution shall give to the nations of Germany the valuable benefit of a well-secured state of right (rele-

and shall enable them to make their voices heard and respected in the Bund, where their most important affairs are discussed." To effect these objects, Professor von Lassaulx, a member of the Chamber, and one of the leaders of the Catholic party in Bavaria, has proposed—1. That a Supreme Federal Court for settling the political rights of the different states shall be formed; and, 2, the organisation and convocation of a national representation, in order that deputies of the people may be heard as well as the representatives of the princes.

The Queen of Spain has been indisposed; but has recovered. The assertion that she has had a miscarriage appears to be incorrect.

The Queen of Spain arrived at Madrid on the 30th of September, and the Cortes assembled the following day. M. Brull, Minister of Finance, read the Budget of 1856, and different financial bills. The cholera is again raging.

It is stated on good authority that sums of money have been sent to the Carlists of Catalonia by the Fillibusters of the United States, who, it seems, count much on the success of a rising in Spain, and are confident of being able to treat with the Count de Montemolin for the transfer of Cuba!

The brigands are still having it all their own way in Smyrna. A Government courier has been robbed of 2000 near Magnesia, and he and two of the guards were killed. The bandit Luka, who is a Croat, has sworn that he will avenge the death of Simon, and that the first person he catches whose ransom is not paid within four-and-twenty hours, shall be impaled or flayed alive. Endeavours are being made to capture this ruffian.—The Smyrna fig harvest this year has proved unusually abundant.

Much indignation has been excited among the French in Egypt at the extraordinary conduct of Said Pacha, the Viceroy, in announcing his intention of visiting France, starting on his journey, and then putting back for no better reason than that he was sea-sick; a reason so extraordinary, as this very man was Admiral-in-Chief of the Egyptian fleet for fifteen years! On his Majesty's return, one of his police-officers jocosely said that the Pacha had been to Sebastopol and taken it. This came to the ears of Said; and, having sent for the man, he told him that, if he had not the power to take Sebastopol, he was quite capable of ordering him five hundred lashes—which were accordingly administered.

The Austrian Minister of Finance (says the *Times* Vienna Correspondent) has come to an understanding with M. Isaac Pereire on the subject of the statutes of the Mortgage Bank; but the question as to the amount of capital with which the new institution is to be endowed has not yet been settled. The premium on gold has fallen two per cent.; great activity prevails at the Mint, and the process of coining is carried on by night as well as by day. The house of Rothschild will find the necessary funds for the Mortgage Bank. The security will probably be State domains of the value of 150,000,000 of florins, with the right to bring them into the market.

The *Opinion* of Turin, in mentioning the appointment of General Wisniewski to the Directorship of War at Naples, states that he has a brother who is a general in the Russian army, and that he is well known for his Pro-Russian opinions.

Cholera is rapidly decreasing in Northern Italy. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, it is said, refuses to recognise the restoration of Mehmet Ali Pacha to power; and, in an interview which he had with the Sultan, he said, according to report, language so unbecoming, and even so brutal, that the Sultan had a fit in consequence.

The reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha has left Paris for Coblenz, at which city there is at present a sort of congress of German princes.

Kowatz, Mazzini, and Ledru Rollin have published in the *National* of Brussels a long manifesto addressed to Republicans. They declare that the moment has arrived for European democracy to constitute itself into a powerful unity, and to act. The fall of Sebastopol they regard as the beginning of a general war, the end of which must be favourable to the peoples; and the document concludes with the words, "Organise yourselves, and dare!"

The visit of Baron Prokesch to Paris is stated to be purely that of a private individual. He has, however, been presented to the Emperor.

The Emperor of Russia's late visit to Moscow, says a letter from St. Petersburg, was in order that he might "pay to the God of Russia in the first capital of the empire, in which he was born, to bless his power and the holy combat of the orthodox Church in the East." At the moment the Czar entered the cathedral, the Metropolitan of Moscow delivered an address full of emotional raving. After alluding to the prayer for victory, the Metropolitan concluded with the following inimitable observation:—"We address to the Lord another prayer: it is to see you soon with the sacred sign of the saints, the crown of your father and your ancestors, amid the benedictions of Heaven and of Russia."

The *Northern Bee* has lately published several articles on a book on the war in 1812, in which it is attempted to be shown that it was the fire of Moscow, and not cold and hunger, which destroyed the invading army. The object of this is to persuade the Russian reader that the

abandonment of Sebastopol was premeditated, and will certainly turn to the advantage of Russia.

The Governments of Austria and Belgium are at this moment engaged in a dispute about the right of possession of a church at Rome, called the Chiesa dell' Anima. Belgium claims it because it was founded in 1400 by a Belgian named Jean de Fister. Austria, on the other hand, pleads her possession of Belgium for centuries, and the fact of there existing no treaty or article of a treaty by which she renounces her right. When France annexed Belgium, she also took possession of the Chiesa dell' Anima, and subsequently the Holy See recognised the right of Belgium. Cardinal Brunelli has been appointed to examine into the matter.

The Austrian Government is said to have made a proposition to the Porte that the powers of Prince Stirbey, the present Hospodar of Wallachia, whose authority expires in May, 1856, in virtue of the convention of Balta-Liman, shall be prolonged for another period of seven years.

The Paris Prefect of Police has issued a decree, ordering that, on and after the 16th of the present month, butchers' meat shall be subjected to prices fixed regularly by the authorities every fortnight. In the shops established in the markets, meat is to be sold at ten centimes, at least, per kilogramme below the fixed price.

Great disgust is being created in Prussia at the unscrupulous conduct of the police, which, though not so bad as that of the *birri* of Naples and Rome, is sufficiently irritating. This force was originally intended to be an exact counterpart of the London police; but it has gradually assumed a more military character. It appears that members of the body have lately been instructed to draw up lists of electors, and to go about from house to house, demanding that the owner shall vote in favour of the ministry at the elections. If the Prussians have any spirit in them, they will resist such insulting dictation.

THE ITALIAN NIGHTMARES.

THE presence of English and French vessels in the Bay of Naples seems to have imposed a certain check on the savage vagaries of the King of the Two Sicilies. The beatings, the torturings, the illegal imprisonments, and infamous extortions of money from the pockets of inoffensive beings, have considerably lessened; and the people are left to breathe awhile. But the calm is only treacherous. Mazza, it is said, has been employed by the king to organise the armed *lazzaroni*, and has told them that he is still in fact their leader, and that they are to be faithful to his cause, which they are to hold themselves ready to defend. Such, at least, is one statement; but, according to another, Roberti, the new Director of Police, has disarmed the *lazzaroni*, and placed them under surveillance. Of the two assertions, the former, we are afraid, is the more probable. Roberti is said to be a pious man. The phrase is so often misused, that a misgiving comes over us on hearing it; but let us hope that he is pious in the best sense of the word.

The Naples Correspondent of the *Morning Post* says that, as the dismissal of Mazza has not been officially communicated, the demands of England are not satisfied; and Sir William Temple is determined to uphold his country with spirit. The affair, therefore, is not yet settled; and the King goes on fortifying with preposterous industry.

"The diligence from Rome to Naples," says the *Daily News* Correspondent, "has been stopped by brigands between Terracina and Cisterna. The brigands were three, the passengers, conductor, and postillions, twelve. Notwithstanding, the passengers were relieved of a little of their superfluous cash, until the greater booty was discovered of 1500 piastres. The robbery is suspected to have been a plot concocted at Rome, with which the conductor perhaps had something to do. From Rome to Porto d'Anzo, the omnibuses are guarded."

The *Times* Neapolitan Correspondent states that he has the following from "one of the most temperate and unprejudiced men in Naples:—"Since 1848 up to May, 1854, 839 persons had been condemned to different punishments for political crimes. Of 47 of those condemned to death, 26 were commuted to the Ergastolo, and 21 to heavy irons. Among the condemned were 57 priests, and 34 of the prisoners had died. This list, however, gives no account of the number of persons arrested by the police, and retained in custody without trial, and even without examination, directly in violation of the penal code, which is as explicit on this subject as the *Habeas Corpus* in England. In the civil courts, bribery is so openly recognised that no advocate would think of undertaking a cause, be it ever so good, without first recommending his client to make a propitiatory offering to the judge, and he would hardly dare to plead at all if the opposing party was in any way under the protection of the police."

Such is the condition of South and Central Italy. If we turn our eyes to the North, under the rule of Austria, we find matters nearly as bad. The Austrians behave with the greatest brutality to the Milanese, and frequently call them in public "beasts," "cowards," and "assassins." The people, in consequence, will not mix with the officers, and in the pits of the theatres a

space is left vacant between the Austrian soldiers on the one hand, and the populace on the other. The castle on the Piazza d'Armi is now very strong, and the guns in its towers completely command the town. The citadel on the hill near Verona is nearly completed; and we should despair for the Italian people, if we did not know that the cause of justice and right possesses immortal strength and immortal hope.

It is stated (says a letter from Rome in the *Official Milan Gazette*) that the Pope lately received a letter from the Emperor of the French, in which he was reminded of the stringent reasons which render a series of reasonable reforms necessary, such as were recommended in the letter of August 18, 1849, from the then President of the Republic, delivered to the Pope by M. Edgar Ney. The measures recommended were—a general amnesty, the secularisation of the administration, the Code Napoleon, and a liberal government. It is added that his Holiness replied, that he was not averse to granting his subjects certain reforms calculated to secure the peace of the country without sacrificing either his dignity or that of the Holy See. To this reply it is rumoured that an answer has been received which has not proved palatable to the Holy See.

OUR CIVILISATION.

A CRIMEAN HERO MAD WITH DRINK.—Upwards of three months ago, a soldier named William Maynard, who had returned from the Crimea badly wounded in the battle of Inkerman, where a rifle-ball carried away the bridge of his nose, his right eye, and a part of his temple and cheek, entered a Catholic chapel under the influence of drink, and made a murderous assault on a policeman who turned him out. Mr. Norton, the magistrate, learning that a conviction would deprive the man of his pension, and making allowance for the effect which drink had made upon a constitution weakened by injuries, continued to remand the case under the hope that the policeman would recover. A certificate announcing a partial recovery has been given in, and Maynard, who has been out on bail, is therefore discharged. The constable is still weak, and the surgeon states that the kidney is injured. Maynard's counsel has given a sovereign to form a fund for the officer; Mr. Norton has added another from his own pocket, and a third from the poor-box; and it is to be hoped that the public will increase the amount.

OUR MARRIAGE LAWS.—A case, illustrating with sad reality the imperfect nature of our marriage laws, and the species of civilisation which springs from them, was brought forward a few days since at the Lambeth police court. A "reverend" gentleman, named David Edwards, is married to a lady who was formerly a schoolmistress, but who is now nothing more than a victim to the fantastical cruelty of this Christian clergyman. She is reduced to a condition of feverish nervousness, and, unable to endure the slow torture any longer, summons her husband before the Lambeth magistrate to answer a charge of ill-using her and threatening her life. At the police-office, she stated that all she wished was to be allowed to take away a portion of the household goods, and to reopen a school in some other neighbourhood. She added, that she would not trouble the "reverend" gentleman for a shilling, but, on the contrary, would support him out of her income of 40l. a year, and what she might make by her school. Edwards did not deny his wife's statements, but refused to comply with her requests. In vain did the magistrate urge the necessity of compliance: Edwards remained inexorable, and the summons was ultimately adjourned to a future day to see what time and reflection might do. But it is only too clear that time and reflection will have no effect upon a nature so hardened in its guilt or so confirmed in its moral disease. As well suggest time and reflection to the St. Giles's ruffian who beats the wretched woman in his power, as to the "Reverend" David Edwards. It is a case for the law to interfere; but the law will not interfere. The law will calmly hand the wife back to her legal torturer called husband, who, as long as he does not commit any positive assault, will have full liberty to pursue that course of conduct which has already led to "nervousness," and which in the lapse of a few more months will very probably lead to some affection of the mind of a nature far more serious.

A THIEF BY WHOLESALE.—Alfred Restock, a journeyman shoemaker, and a woman named Kirk, were charged on Saturday at Worship-street with a most extensive robbery of boots and shoes from the premises of Mr. Ruddock, the employer of the male prisoner. The suspicions of Mr. Ruddock having been excited by the mysterious disappearance of portions of his stock, a detective policeman was stationed on the premises to watch. He secreted himself in a shed which commanded a full view of the premises. In a little time, Restock, whose time for commencing work was not till considerably later, walked up to a small workshop at the side of the warehouse, which he entered, and, after remaining there a short time, crept cautiously out again, looked about him, and then made his way to the warehouse, the door of which was secured by an excellent lock. This the prisoner could not open without violence; and he therefore obtained an entrance by drawing out the screws which held the hasp or staple, went inside, and in a few

minutes after came out again with several pairs of boots, with which he hurried off, after replacing the haap so as to avoid suspicion of the way in which the robbery had been effected. The policeman let him get shortly ahead, and then followed him until he entered a neighbouring street, where he was joined by the woman Kirk, with whom he walked till they got to Plough-court, Whitechapel, when, as the male prisoner was handing over the stolen property to his female companion, the "detective" stepped in between them and secured both. On searching the woman's lodgings, he discovered a trunk containing an extraordinary number of duplicates relating to boots and shoes pledged at various short intervals since the month of January last; and another constable also produced a small bag containing several more duplicates relating to the same kind of property, which the female prisoner had dropped beside her while on the road to the station. At least twenty pawnbrokers and assistants of pawnbrokers were in attendance at the police-court, with a vast quantity of boots and shoes which had been pledged at their houses; but, although Mr. Ruddock, on identifying them, estimated their value at about 40*l*., he stated that this was only a portion of his loss, as there were still about one hundred pairs unaccounted for.

FORGERY.—Wilhelm Sternfeld, a person of respectable appearance, who described himself as a merchant, at present residing at 32, Wilson-street, Finsbury, has been charged at Guildhall with absconding from Stettin, in Prussia, after stealing 500*l*., forging bills to the amount of 2000*l*., and embezzling bills of lading, with intent to defraud Messrs. Pollock and Co., merchants of Mincing-lane, who have a branch of their establishment at Königsberg. When the prisoner was arrested, a letter was found upon him, in which are the following singular passages:—"Your system of forging bills, sending them into the world, and relying on other people to take them up, displeases me greatly. The limited confidence which I ever paid you is thus thoroughly shaken and vanished, and I have no hesitation in prognosticating to you a disgraceful future, although I wish you prosperity from the bottom of my heart, and have cautioned you very often. . . . You desire us to do things which are beyond our reach. You know that we have accepted bills for you already to the amount of 3300 dollars, including other claims; it is, therefore, very inconsiderate on your part to request that we should comply with anything more. It appears you endeavour to throw the entire burden of your liabilities upon us; and even if we were to submit to it, it would not relieve your predicament. . . . I appeal to your conscience: do not deceive yourself in your affairs, and do not elicit things from us which our solemn duty dictates to decline; do not forget that our existence is entirely at your mercy already. We have induced the manager of the discounting bank to retain the bill till to-morrow; mind, therefore, you send the money, so that we may save you from the brink of destruction." Sternfeld was remanded, and, on the following day, he was discharged, the offence having been committed out of the jurisdiction of this country. Shortly after leaving the court, however, he was arrested by a sheriff's officer, and taken at once to Whitecross-street prison.

FRAUDULENT PRETENCES.—Charles de Fleury, a tall, well-dressed, respectable-looking Frenchman, said to be related to a family of distinction in the French empire, and who described himself as a civil engineer connected with a company called the French and English Canal Company, is under remand at the Southwark police-court, charged with obtaining 70,000 fire-bricks, valued at 300*l*., from Mr. John Patrick Traquair, fire-brick merchant, Bankside, under false and fraudulent pretences.

WOMAN BEATING.—This execrable crime appears, if possible, to be increasing. On Monday last, no less than six cases of violence to women came before the various police magistrates of the metropolis.—At Worship-street, Michael Newman, a bricklayer, was sentenced to six months' hard labour for knocking his wife about till she was insensible. On finding her in this condition, he remarked, "I've cooked her goose for her now." The poor woman said she had been married twenty-eight years, and had been constantly ill-used during that time. A witness called by the man in his defence merely helped to prove the case against him.—At the Marylebone office, William Beer, a man not more than four feet high, was fined twenty shillings, or sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment, for an assault upon a young woman, named Annie Eaves. It was shown that he was drunk, and that he had no provocation given him for the outrage.—Thomas Toome, a "navvy," was charged at Clerkenwell with assaulting his wife. It appeared that he seized her by the hair, knocked her head against the floor and wall, and kicked her. Owing to her husband's treatment, her milk had been affected; she was unable to support her infant, and it would probably die. She had been married four years, and had often before been ill-used. Toome was sentenced to six months' hard labour.—Edward Gillings, a strolling player, was sentenced at Lambeth to a fine of 3*l*., or one month at Wandsworth, for beating his wife and knocking her through a window.—At the Thames office, Johnson David Stubbs, a tobacco-nist, was charged with a similar offence. The wife, according to her own admission, went to bed not quite

sober, and was awakened by her husband beating her with such violence that she threw herself out of the window, and her little girl also flung herself out. Neither was seriously hurt by the fall. The prisoner, who alleged his wife's drunkenness as his excuse, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and hard labour.—Robert Tomlinson is under remand at the same office, charged with kicking a pregnant woman in the abdomen, without any provocation. Some doubt, however, appeared as to whether the kick was not accidental.—A wife has been beaten to death at Wigan. Both the victim and her husband had been drinking until a late hour of the night, after attending a funeral; and the fatal blows were given in the street.

ALLEGED MURDER AT NOTTINGHAM.—Johanna Dutton, the wife of a farmer, is in custody at Nottingham, under suspicion of drowning her daughter, a child about three years old, who had been previously subjected to great ill-usage.

MURDERS AND SUICIDES.—A woman named Russell, residing near Bilston, Staffordshire, has murdered her son, a boy four years old, by cutting his throat. She immediately cut her own throat, inflicting such a severe wound that the surgeon states her recovery to be impossible. It is imagined that she also intended to kill her two other children. The only assignable cause for the act is a depression of spirits from which the poor woman has been recently suffering.—At Wednesbury, in the same county, a woman named Budd, the mother of three children, killed the youngest child, two years old, and herself, by jumping into the canal. Her body was found in the canal with the child locked in her arms. In this case, the cause alleged is that she had spent some money with which her husband had entrusted her, and that she was afraid to meet his reproaches.—On Friday week, a woman named Mary Davis, aged twenty-three, drowned herself at Lea-brook, near Bilston, from disappointed affection.

MURDER OF A WOMAN AT HEREFORD.—The number of murders committed in different parts of the country within the last two months has been almost unparalleled; and to those already known we have now to add another. Some workmen employed on the Hereford city improvements went into a disreputable part of the town called Bowsey-lane. This locality is mostly inhabited by abandoned women; and the men, who were intoxicated, burst suddenly into one of the houses and into a room where there was a girl in bed. She was dragged out, and kicked by the ruffians, apparently without the least provocation. She screamed loudly for help; but, before she could get any assistance, the men succeeded in dragging her into an adjoining house, which they forcibly entered. Here a quarrel ensued with the young woman who kept the house, and whom they beat in a most savage manner with a rolling-pin. The screams of the two women, together with the outcries of the crowd which had by this time assembled, alarmed the police, who, hastening to the spot, succeeded, after a desperate contest with the "navvies," in apprehending four of them. The others escaped in the general confusion. The girl who was dragged out of bed has since died in great agony. Another man, supposed to be connected with the affair, was apprehended on Sunday.

A LUNATIC.—At the Lambeth police-court, a man named John Day, who described himself as a patentee for the prevention of burglaries, charged his son, William Day, with stealing an American clock and a French dial. It appeared that the clock had been sent by a relative to the father, who was of unsound mind and had been confined in a lunatic asylum, in order to be repaired by the son. The dial had been left by the elder Day himself at a chandler's shop as a security for some money he owed there. These facts having been proved, the prisoner was discharged. On his representing to the magistrate that his father had already apprehended him several times on charges as false as the present, and seemed determined to ruin him, Mr. Elliott advised the young man to send his parent, whose reason was clearly deranged, back to a lunatic asylum.

DANIEL LORDAN has been committed for trial on the charge of murdering his wife.

THE BELLEISLE NUISANCES.—With respect to the horrible condition of Belleisle, a gentleman on Tuesday made an application for advice to the Clerkenwell magistrate. He said the case had been put into the hands of the police, who, under the sanction of Sir Richard Mayne, were making inquiries. The Home Secretary of State, having been applied to, ordered that proceedings should be instituted under the Smoke Nuisance Act. Mr. Corrie, the magistrate, advised a similar course.

CRIMINAL ASSAULT.—Henry Francis, a photographic artist, has been committed for trial on a charge of committing a criminal assault on Tabitha Bowie, a girl thirteen years of age. The girl was employed as his servant: on the evening of Sunday, the 23rd ult., she was asked by her master to drink tea with him, and after tea he induced her to take a glass of wine. It was then dark, and she asked if she should light the gas; but her master answered, "No, never mind," and, immediately afterwards, threw her on the sofa, and committed the offence. The girl was cross-examined before the magistrate, but her testimony was not shaken. The prisoner reserved his defence.—A few

months ago, he was charged with an assault on his wife; and terms for a separation were arranged with the sanction of the magistrate.

THE END OF "A GAY LIFE."—A few weeks since, the body of a woman named Healey, the daughter of a Cornish baronet, and who had led a somewhat gay life, was discovered in a house in Queen's-place, Commercial-road East, Ratcliff. It was much decomposed, and the woman must have been dead fifteen or sixteen days. An open verdict was returned at the coroner's inquest, that the woman was found dead, but that there was no evidence before the jurors as to how or by what means she came by her death. No post-mortem examination of the body took place, and considerable dissatisfaction has been expressed by the people in the neighbourhood that no efforts were made to ascertain the cause of death. The house in which the body was found was hired a month previous by a man who described himself as a medical practitioner, but who was not forthcoming at the inquest. This man has since been discovered; but he has given no information relative to the death, and the affair, therefore, still remains unexplained.

"VANE, YOUNG IN YEARS, BUT" IN WRONG DOING "OLD."—Lord Ernest Vane is a "fast" young gentleman of twenty years of age, and it delighted him to go behind the scenes of the Windsor Theatre, and flirt with the actresses. He has been permitted to do so for some time past; but, a few evenings ago, finding his accustomed amusement nearly "used up," and getting stale by repetition, he thought to vary it by entering the ladies' dressing-rooms while they were changing their attire. Accordingly, he put out the gas, and forced his way in. The prompter, having certain old-fashioned notions as to the impropriety of such conduct, remonstrated; but Vane, "young in years," replied, "You are a funny villain, and may go to—when ever you like." Instead of going there, however, the prompter went to the manager, Mr. Nash, and ultimately a policeman was sent for, on whose arrival the heroic Vane walked out. Meeting the manager shortly afterwards, he said to him, "You sent for the police—you sent for the police," in "a good-humoured manner," as it was afterwards contended; but, as an evidence of this good-humour, he commenced scuffling with Mr. Nash, and finally threw him down a pair of stairs, and pummelled him when at the bottom. For these exploits, the chivalric Vane was summoned before the Windsor magistrates, and the foregoing facts were stated as evidence. His Lordship's counsel endeavoured to show that the charge was exaggerated. The youthful hero had had a slight scuffle with some one who had behaved rudely to him behind the scenes; and, being annoyed at hearing that the police had been sent for, he had a little bit of "good-humoured" wrestling with Mr. Nash, and the two "accidentally" fell down the stairs together, the manager being "accidentally" underneath his Lordship. A friend was called to prove this; but, on cross-examination, he admitted that Mr. Nash was thrown. This witness favoured the court with a statement of what he should have done under the circumstances—he should have "thrashed the manager for his impertinence" in sending for the police. The Windsor magistrates lent to the exaggeration view of the case; and his Lordship was allowed to compound for his amusement by the payment of a five-pound note.

ASSAULTING A MAN IN POSSESSION.—John and Michael Murphy, tenants of a house in Rose-street, Covent-garden, were charged at Bow-street with assaulting John Dove, a broker's man, who was put in possession under a distress warrant for rent. About three o'clock in the morning, the two Murphys entered Dove's bedroom, dragged him out of bed, thrust him into a corner, and swore they would knock his brains out if he spoke or moved. John Murphy stood guard over him with a club; and the poor man, being afraid to raise an alarm by "roaring like any sucking dove," was obliged to see the property removed into a van which had been brought to the door. A policeman, however, happened to pass by at the time, and, being surprised at finding goods removed at such an hour, entered the house, and found Dove pinned into the corner with a wound in his head. The Murphys were taken into custody, and were fined 5*l* each, or sentenced to a month's imprisonment.

A SHAM FIGHT.—A Mr. John Ripley was passing the Bishopsgate terminus of the Eastern Counties Railway at seven o'clock in the evening, when he saw a crowd. On trying to pass through it, two men jostled him; and, to an inquiry what was the matter, one of them replied, "Oh, it's only a fight." At the same moment, he found his coat-sleeve held, and directly afterwards found that his gold watch had gone. He was about to dart at the men who had jostled him, when a man on his right made "a peculiar noise like a sheep bleating," and one of the men who pushed against him turned round and dashed off into the crowd. Mr. Ripley chased him; his hat fell off, and shortly afterwards he was found in custody with a cap on. He had been seized by a railway guard, but contrived to pass the watch to another man, who escaped. Steadman, the man who was taken into custody, has been committed for trial.

MURDER AT CANTERBURY.—A private in the first regiment of the British Swiss Legion has been killed by one of his comrades. A quarrel arose about the posses-

men of a drama, which the accused wanted the deceased to lay down. The latter slapped the face of the accused; upon which he pulled forth a knife and repeatedly struck it into his comrade, who almost immediately died. The prisoner has been remanded.

PARRICIDE.—Thomas Dice has been committed for trial on a charge of causing the death of his father by savage ill-usage; and Elizabeth Dice, the wife of the deceased, has also been committed for trial for being accessory to the death of her husband. At the same time (Lambeth), and on the same day, John Dice, another of the family, was remanded on a charge of larceny.

MURDER AT DUNDEE.—A man named Owen Smith has been murdered at Dundee. One side of the abdomen was ripped open with a knife, and lockjaw had been produced by a series of savage kicks on the head. The murderer died; but, thanks to the telegraph, is now in custody.

JOHN BROPHY has been committed for trial at Liverpool for attempting to drown a young woman by repeatedly throwing her into a deep pit of water.

NAVAL AND MILITARY NEWS.

MORE MANAGEMENT.—The iron screw steam-ship *Urgent*, Commander Phillips, bound to Malta, which embarked 1114 officers and men, under command of Lieutenant HBI, 63rd Regiment, at Portsmouth on Sunday, put into Plymouth on Monday morning leaky, with four feet of water in her hold. The *Urgent* is stated to have had more troops on board than she was fitted to hold. She is qualified to accommodate about six hundred men; instead of which she had on board 1114. It is said that the hospital on the starboard-bow is so ill-ventilated as to be unbearable by night when the side lights are closed.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIMPSON has been promoted to the rank of General in full.

THREE FIELD-MARSHALS have just been created; namely, Lord Combermere, Lord Strafford, and Lord Hasting.

OBITUARY.

ADMIRAL GIFFARD, who entered the navy as far back as 1780, who was present, as a midshipman, at the relief of Gibraltar the following year, and who served his country with distinction for a period of thirty-four years, died a few days ago at Portsmouth, aged ninety.

THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON BROOKS, senior rector of the parish of Liverpool, has expired from the effects of an apoplectic fit. He was in his eighty-first year.

LORD DELAMERE died on Sunday last after a lengthened illness, at the age of eighty-eight.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT ADAIR, G.C.B.—This remarkable diplomatist expired on Wednesday, in his ninety-third year. He was the author of numerous political pamphlets, and also wrote two elaborate works, called "An Historical Memoir of a Mission to the Court of Vienna in 1806," and "A Memoir of the Negotiations for the Peace of the Dardanelles in 1808-9."—We have also lost another old diplomatist in the person of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ellis, K.C.B., who expired at Brighton on Friday week.

MISCELLANEOUS.

REVIEW OF THE COURT.—The Queen is expected to return from Balmoral on Friday, the 12th, travelling by the Aberdeen and Scottish Midland and Scottish Central Railways to Edinburgh, and thence, on Saturday, by the East Coast lines and Great Northern to London.

AMERICA.—The flight of Santa Anna does not appear to have given peace to Mexico, which has fallen into a state of lamentable anarchy. The Government of Carera (who has officially signified his willingness to deliver his power into the hands of Alvarez) is said to be decidedly unpopular; and in Vera Cruz and Zacatecas his partisans have been attacked and defeated by the supporters of the plan of Ayntla. Carera has issued an address to the nation, in which he proposes to reform the army and establish the National Guard upon a better footing; but Alvarez is thought to be the most likely man for the Presidency. General Gasden, the United States Minister, is the only diplomatic representative who has failed to visit the Provisional President and congratulate him on his accession to power. The omission has caused much surprise and comment. In the meanwhile, the Federalists are opposing themselves with vigour to the rule of Carera, whose troops have been routed by them in one or two places.—Yellow fever is on the decline in Virginia. The New York money market is unusually buoyant; but the cotton market is in a depressed condition. At the date of the last advices, there was an active demand for flour at an advance of twenty-five cents on the lower grades; the better descriptions were selling at a decline.

A DIPLOMATIC QUARREL.—The American papers publish a correspondence between Mr. Secretary Marcy and Mr. Perry, the United States Minister at the Court of Spain. Mr. Perry, it seems, has been removed from his office for addressing a letter to the President through the columns of a newspaper. In his reply to Mr.

Marcy, Mr. Perry states that his utmost endeavours have always been directed to preserving peace between America and Spain, and that the publication of the letter was necessary to that end, and to defeat the warlike designs of Mr. Pierre Soule.

THE THANKSGIVING DAY.—In obedience to the Royal Proclamation (religious gratitude in this country being determined by Her Majesty in council), last Sunday was observed as a Day of Thanksgiving for our (or, to speak more honestly, the French) successes in the Crimea. In most of the churches, more especially St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, the congregations were unusually large, and collections were made in many of them on behalf of the widows and orphans of those who have fallen in the conflict, or of kindred objects. There is little in such of the sermons as have been reported to call for analysis or quotation: they may be described as second-hand-newspaper articles, with the addition of the obviously religious element. The most appropriate text was that of the Rev. John Forster, M.A., at her Majesty's chapel of the Savoy, Strand, which was as follows:—"Trust ye in the Lord for ever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength. For He bringeth down them that dwell on high: the lofty city He layeth it low, even to the ground; He bringeth it even to the dust." Yet this rather warlike text was followed by a kind of peace discourse. At St. Mary's, Newington, the Rev. C. Moore undertook to rebuke those who question the right of the Legislature to interfere in these matters. He said:—"He had no sympathy with those who declare that Royalty is overstepping its prerogative by commanding public fasts and thanksgivings. The Legislature is but acting on Scriptural authority in commanding a public recognition of the governance of Jehovah in the affairs of men. Long might the day be before the plea should avail that the consciences of some were aggrieved by the observance of fasts and thanksgivings! It was a fallacy to suppose that, whatever their professions, they were Christians who raised objections to such things."

HEALTH OF LONDON.—The deaths of 1160 persons were registered in London in the last week of the quarter that ended on Saturday, 29th September, and, though swollen by the accession of cases of violent deaths in which inquests were held some weeks since, this number is below the average. London is healthier than it is usually in September. Diarrhoea is declining, but was fatal to 75 persons, of whom 62 were under 8 years of age. Cholera was the cause of 9 deaths of persons of various ages. A boatswain, about 45 years of age, died of cholera on board ship off Brewer's Quay, Thames-street. The wife of a journeyman engine smith, aged 36 years, and the daughter of a tailor, aged 4 years, died of cholera on the 29th and 26th of September, at 15, Providence-street, St. George in the East. The Registrar's note on the two latter cases throws light on the circumstances in which zymotic diseases become epidemic and fatal:—"This house contains three rooms, one below ground; the upper room sub-let; the lower rooms were in a filthy condition. The sewer opposite the house is choked, and complaints are made of the negligence of the dust contractor. The son of the deceased mother has also been attacked with cholera, but is recovering. This I have on the authority of the medical officer of the parish, who has ordered an inspection of the nuisances." The Registrars of Islington record 7 cases of diarrhoea, and state that an "excessive smell impregnates the atmosphere of the neighbourhood from the Belle Isle nuisances." 17 persons died of small-pox, 11 of measles, 45 of scarlatina, 20 of hooping-cough, and 50 of typhus in the week. The disease of the respiratory organs were less fatal than usual; for though the weather changed, the temperature was above the average. Last week, the births of 894 boys and 818 girls, in all 1707 children, were registered in London. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1845-54, the average number was 1455.—From the Registrar-General's Weekly Return.

DISTRESS IN AUSTRALIA.—Accounts are received from Australia of great distress among some of the emigrants in Collingwood. It seems, however, that this is confined to those emigrants who have been brought up to no definite trade or profession, and who are unable to perform works of rough labour. Miss Catherine Hayes has been giving concerts for their benefit.

EXPLOSION AT PLYMOUTH.—A manufactory of safety fuses at Plymouth has exploded, owing, it is thought, to a piece of red-hot metal dropping in the powder-room. Two men have been seriously burnt.

FATAL BOILER EXPLOSION AT HURLFORD.—A boiler has exploded at Hurlford in Scotland. Some of the bricks encasing the boiler were hurled through the window of a neighbouring school, some of the children in which were injured, while one, who was out of doors, was killed. The fireman of the works has also been killed; and several persons have received serious wounds, from which it is feared that two will never recover.

THE PLAGUE OF FLIES.—Parts of Gloucestershire have been afflicted with an extraordinary number of the black-winged aphid.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND has established a branch of its banking department at Uxbridge House, Burlington-gardens, which is now open for business.

STATE OF TRADE.—The advices from the chief ma-

nufacturing towns are to much the same effect as those of the previous week. The Manchester markets have been dull, and prices have relapsed, chiefly owing to the recent decline in cotton; but at Nottingham there has been an increase of business in connexion with lace and hosiery, the expected revival having taken place in the orders from the United States and Canada. In the other great trading districts there is no alteration of importance to record.

INDIA AND CHINA.—In addition to the telegraphic despatches, in anticipation of the Overland Mail, which we published last week, we now append one or two items of news.—A religious war is raging in Oude between the Mahometans and Hindoos, caused by the former having profaned a temple of the latter. The Hindoos, however, had provoked the Mussulmans by attempting to keep them at a deserted mosque which had formerly belonged to them. The King of Oude has determined to march his forces in support of the Mahometans, to raise the Hindoo temple, and to erect a mosque on its ruins. The English Government, on the other hand, is resolved to support the Hindoos against injustice; and the deposition of the King, followed by the absorption of Oude into the English dominions, seems to be highly probable. Already the Hindoos and Mahometans have fought a battle, in which the latter were defeated with a loss of one hundred and thirteen, while their enemies had only seventeen killed.—The Persians and the Khivans are reported to have fought a battle, and it is even rumoured that Khiva is in the hands of the Schah, and that the Khan is dead. It is considered certain that the Persians together with the Russians are progressing greatly in Central Asia; that they are steadily advancing towards the Oxus; and that Bokhara and the neighbouring states are threatened. The anticipated contest between the English troops and the so-called Rohillas (who turn out to be a set of low-caste Hindoos) has been prevented by the insurgents making their submission.—From China, we hear that the Russian fleet has escaped from the English, probably into the Amoor; that the Mandarins seem to have regained possession of the province of Canton; and that the Canton pirates have been attacked by the English steamer *Rattler* and the boats of the American steamer *Powhattan*. Ten junks were destroyed, five hundred of the pirates were killed.

COLLIERY ACCIDENT.—Four men were descending into a colliery at Stanhill, near Blackburn, when the rope slipped, and was broken by the sudden jerk of the tub. The men were thrown to the bottom, a depth of thirty-six yards, and were instantly killed. It is stated that there is a guard to prevent the rope from slipping; but the men had neglected to use it.

A FIRE broke out early on Tuesday morning in Shoe-lane, Fleet-street, on the premises, occupying two houses, of Messrs. Devey and Dale, brassfounders. It was speedily subdued; but considerable damage was done to property, which, however, is insured. No less than seven conflagrations of a minor character occurred at various parts of the metropolis on Wednesday night.

THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL has been celebrated in grand style by the inhabitants of Southampton, where bands of music, the ringing of bells, the discharge of cannon, illuminations, fireworks, and miscellaneous sports and pastimes made the old town gay and loud for nearly four-and-twenty hours.

THE ROEBUCK TESTIMONIAL.—The following letter has been received by Mr. F. T. Mappin, the Master Cutler, from Sir R. Bulwer Lytton:—"Knebworth Park, Stevenage, Herts, September 25.—Sir,—I have the honour to enclose you a cheque for 10*l*. in aid of the Roebuck Testimonial. Permit me to add that in my slight contribution to this well-merited tribute I waive altogether the consideration of Mr. Roebuck's special politics. I do not even desire by it to mark my approval of the part he took in the appointment and proceedings of the Sebastopol Committee. I do not ask myself where I have agreed with or differed from Mr. Roebuck in the opinions he has expressed or the line of policy he has adopted. I desire only, as a member of the British Parliament, to convey my sense of the dignity conferred upon the national assembly by any man who, whatever be the party he espouses, brings into its debates commanding intellect and unimpeached integrity. England, it is true, has many men thus nobly characterised, but none in whom more conspicuously than in your representative regard for her material interests is accompanied by anxiety for her honour and pride in her renown; none who, whether he be right or wrong in the eyes of others, would more rigidly abstain from the wrong or more firmly maintain the right, according to the lights of his own judgment and the dictates of his own conscience. Tributes such as the one now proposed are monuments to living worth more wisely designed than those which we devote to the dead. For I know not why we should delay our tokens of respect to those who deserve them until the heart that our sympathy could have gladdened has ceased to beat. As men cannot read the epitaphs inscribed upon the marble that covers them, so the tombs that we erect to virtue often only prove our repentance that we neglected it when with us. I rejoice that in this case its due appreciation comes before the sense of its loss.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your very obedient servant, EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON.—F. T. Mappin, Esq., Master Cutler."

THE BALLAST-HEAVERS had a meeting last week at

the London Tavern to adopt measures for resisting the monopoly of the Trinity House Corporation in reference to their body—a monopoly which has existed for more than three hundred years, and which has reference to the supply of ballast. One of the speakers said that the Corporation now desires to obtain a monopoly of the supply of labour in heaving the ballast; but this it was determined to resist. Several resolutions were passed to this effect.

ARCHDEACON HALE ON CITY GRAVEYARDS.—A Charge addressed to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of London on May 16, 1855, by W. H. Hale, M.A., Archdeacon of London, has been published in the form of a pamphlet. The immediate object of this discourse is to prove that graveyards in the heart of overgrown cities, and reeking with the accumulated decomposition of centuries, are by no means prejudicial to health. The ulterior object has reference, of course, to the preservation of burial fees. The Archdeacon has discovered that in life and in death we are but dust; that death is the analysis and dissolution of bodies; that death is as natural to the world as life (a truth which Bacon proclaimed before him); that we are surrounded by death on all sides (which has also been proclaimed before him); and that man is the only animal who buries his dead. "Every creature of God is good," as Scripture attests; and death subserves to the good of man. Therefore the dissolution of organic beings is perfectly innoxious, and there is no reason why we should not dwell in the midst of churchyards, or even leave our dead unburied if it pleased us. "Supposing," smirks the reverend man, "that bodies are not buried—is there proof that in their decay they would poison the atmosphere and generate disease? Experience would seem to show the contrary." But the Archdeacon appears to have a fancy for foul odours in general, and would probably like to have his summer-house in a sewer. The dissecting chamber and the sick room, he reminds us, never do any one any harm; for repulsive smells are as much the work of God as agreeable perfumes, and therefore a rose-garden is no better than a graveyard. At the same time, it may be as well to consider that the metal of which a bullet is composed is the work of God; yet these little articles, when discharged from a Minié rifle barrel, are known by experience to be highly detrimental to the human body.

THE HARVEST.—"A Commercial Traveller," writing to the *Times*, thus sums up the general results of the harvest:—"I have, during harvest, gone through Warwickshire, Northamptonshire, Leicestershire, Bedfordshire, Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridgeshire, Huntingdonshire, and Lincolnshire; and, from a very careful observation, and incessant inquiries of farm labourers and others well acquainted with the subject, I am perfectly satisfied that, although in the fens of Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire, and some part of Norfolk, the crops are deficient, take all the counties I have mentioned, the crop of this year is considerably above the average of the last five years. The farmers (habitual grumblers), in speaking of this year's growth, compare it with last year, which was certainly the best in the memory of man, and even that did not satisfy many of them, for their reply to me after harvest, when I asked them how the yield was, when the corn was thrashed, 'Not what I expected;' so it is rather difficult to know what the farmers do expect."

MURDER OF AN ENGLISHMAN IN HAVANNAH.—Havannah advices to the 8th ult. mention the deliberate assassination of Mr. G. C. Backhouse, the British Commissioner to the mixed commission for the suppression of the slave trade. It appears that he was sitting at his house, after dinner, with a Mr. Callaghan, on the evening of the 31st of August, when a gang of negro ruffians, accompanied by two white men, entered the premises and secured the servants in the outer apartments. Two of the ruffians (negroes) entered the room where the gentlemen were sitting, and commenced tying their arms behind them, and gagging them. Mr. Callaghan, who must, from his own account, have been very much frightened, was thrown on the ground; his arms were tied, and his watch was taken from his person. Mr. Backhouse made a more manly struggle. He attempted first to throw his assailant on the ground, but finding he was too powerful a man for him, he endeavoured to take away his knife. While attempting this, Mr. Backhouse received a wound in the left side, which splintered one of his ribs and passed entirely through his lungs and spleen; and in about four hours he died. The murderer and all his confederates have been captured.

THE LATE ACCIDENT ON THE ABERDEEN RAILWAY.—William Joss, station-master at the Cove station of the Aberdeen railway, and Andrew Symon, a porter, have been tried by the Circuit Court of Justiciary at Aberdeen for culpably neglecting to attend to the proper danger signals on the 27th of last July, in consequence of which a serious collision occurred, and several passengers were much hurt. The jury found a verdict of Guilty, but strongly recommended the prisoners to mercy on account of their previous good conduct. Lords Cowan and Handyside sentenced them to three months' imprisonment, and remarked in strong terms on the loose character of all their arrangements at that end of the line on the occasion.

YELLOW FEVER is making great ravages in French Guiana.

A RICH TRACT OF LAND, provided with springs, water-courses, and primeval forests of vast extent, has been discovered by the French beyond the Orapu and the mountains which skirt the French possessions in Guiana. The land communicates with the river of La Comté, as well as with the Oyac, which is navigable to a certain point by vessels of any burden.

THE ACCIDENT TO MR. LIDDELL, mentioned in our last week's paper, has been denied by that gentleman.

INDIAN IDEAS OF DECENCY.—English ladies, though they become familiarised with the nudity of natives, as exhibited in the streets, are naturally averse from enduring an unctuous native three-fourths naked sitting next to them in a railway carriage. Two Europeans recently ejected a native so clad from that position, and the case came before the Supreme Court. The judge solemnly decided that a native's ideas of decency were the sole criterion, and fined the European gentleman one hundred rupees and costs. Both were instantly paid by the exasperated community, and it is understood that, whatever the law may be, they will eject all natives who refuse to respect the rules of civilised society.—*Times Calcutta Correspondent.*

MOSQUITOES IN ENGLAND.—A gentleman at Birkenhead, during the summer, was bitten by mosquitoes; and a professional entomologist states that a few weeks ago he took three of these troublesome insect pests of warmer climates in the place called "Boggart Ho' Clough," near Manchester.

BUSHY PARK.—It is rumoured that there is an intention to make Bushy House once more an abode of royalty. Tall iron gates have recently been substituted for the former wooden wickets and steps; and, although Sir William Molesworth has stated that it was not intended that the gates should be locked, the fact appears to be that they have been locked. It is complained that the same spirit of encroachment has been active at Windsor and Balmoral.

BABY SHOWS, apparently, are on the increase. Last week, we mentioned one near Manchester; this week, we have to state that the papas and mammas of Withersea, in one of the eastern counties, have made fools of themselves in the same way. On the declaration of the prizes, a scene of the greatest excitement and the most virulent rage among the disappointed parents took place, according to the account of an eye-witness; and the evening closed amidst much wrath. There has also been a baby show at Boston—we do not mean Boston in America, but Boston in England. Seriously, we hope that the absurdity will soon wear itself out.

THE ASSISTANT-SURGEONS IN THE CRIMEA recently transmitted to Lord Panmure a memorial praying for an amelioration in their condition, and certain advantages in point of rank and retirement, and complaining "that promotion appears at the present time to be conducted on no definite plan, and is not regulated, as it should be, by considerations of merit, seniority, or service in the field." This memorial somehow fell into the hands of Dr. Andrew Smith, by whom it was sent to Dr. Hall, with a letter, stating that the writer could not forward it to Lord Panmure, as he did not agree with it.

NATHANIEL WILLIAMS.—With respect to the case of this poor man, "One of the Convicting Magistrates" has written to the *Times* to say that Williams had plenty of time to cut the corn on another day, inasmuch as his occupations are merely desultory; that the corn would not have spoilt by keeping; and that the terms of the law are such as to dictate the sentence that was awarded. To this the *Times* pertinently replies that, if all the obsolete statutes still in force were put into execution, England would not be a place fit to live in; and that, at any rate, the magistrates expressed no shame and sorrow at the state of the law. It may be added that the "Convicting Magistrate" has been a long time in furnishing up this defence.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has addressed a meeting of the Radnorshire Agricultural Society on the subject of the fall of Sebastopol. He was of opinion that the disasters of the winter were mainly caused by want of experience, not by want of faculty or zeal; and, alluding to the breaking off of the Vienna Conference, observed:—"Since that time, the war with Russia has been prosecuted with all the vigour which this country, with its great resources, could command; it has been prosecuted with all those more extensive military resources which the great population and the great military organisation of France put at the disposal of her Government; and the result we all know."

THE DUKE OF SOMERSET has written as follows to the *Times*:—"I declined all conversation with Mr. Hamilton that I might not be misrepresented, and he persisted against my remonstrance in his endeavour to prolong the interview. In declining to hear the private matters which he wished to press upon me, I deny that I used any language which could justly give offence. It is now manifest that he hoped to entangle me in some electioneering scheme, from which I only escaped by declining any further conversation."

THE WARWICKSHIRE AND BIRMINGHAM REFORMATORY INSTITUTION.—A public dinner, with the view of aiding this institution was held at Dee's Hotel, Birmingham, on Wednesday evening. Sir Eardley Willmot was in the chair, and speeches were delivered by him as well as by the Archdeacon of Coventry, the Rev. J. Angel James, the Rev. J. C. Miller, Lord Lyttelton, M. de

Metz (of Mettray), Mr. Monckton Milnes, M.P., the Rev. Sydney Turner, Mr. Adderley, M.P., Lord Calthorpe, Lord Leigh, Mr. Spooner, M.P., Mr. Mantz, M.P., and others.

CONVICTION FOR GIVING A RECEIPT WITHOUT A STAMP.—A few days ago, at the town police-court, Nottingham, William Bates, a tailor, was charged with having, on the 17th of July last, offended against the Inland Revenue laws, by giving a receipt for a sum of money exceeding 2l., without affixing a stamp. A young man proved having paid to the defendant an amount amounting to 2l. 18s. 6d. The defendant settled the bill without putting a stamp on it. It was in payment of a coat he had of Bates. There had been some unpleasantness about the coat. Mr. Bowley, in defence, stated that the defendant had put a stamp on at the time the account was settled, but intimated that it had been since taken off. He produced another bill which had had the stamp off, and which did not leave the slightest trace of having had one. The magistrates said they considered the charge proved, and convicted the defendant in the penalty of 5l., and 16s. costs.

Postscript.

LEADER OFFICE, Saturday, October 6.

CAVALRY ACTION NEAR EUPATORIA. DEFEAT OF THE RUSSIANS.

Paris, Friday, 2 P.M.

The following from Marshal Pelissier has just been posted at the Bourse:—

"A cavalry action took place on the 29th September at Koughill, five leagues from Eupatoria. The Russians, under General Korf, were defeated by the French, under General d'Allonville. The Russians lost 50 killed, 105 prisoners, 6 guns, 12 caissons, and 250 horses. The French lost 6 men killed, 27 wounded."

Berlin, Thursday Evening.

Rumours have been very rife to-day, in well-informed circles, that the Russian Government has invited Prussia to take steps towards a renewal of negotiations with the Western Powers. Public feeling in Russia has begun to show itself since the fall of Sebastopol.—The large proprietors have lost a half, or even two-thirds, of their revenue from the want of an outlet for produce, and from the abstraction of labour. The Government functionaries and the youth just from the military schools are alone in favour of a continuation of the war.

There has been a rumour at Sebastopol, that Generals Bentinck and Markham would be obliged to give up their commands in consequence of ill-health. Further accounts show that the rumour was well founded. The commands of the Second and Fourth Divisions would be thus rendered vacant, and we have little doubt that the opportunity will be seized of further rewarding the gallantry of Major-General Windham by placing him at the head of one of these divisions.—*Globe.*

We have reason to believe that the Grand Cross of the Bath has been conferred on General Simpson. Marshal Pelissier has received the same decoration from the Queen. And his Majesty the Emperor of the French has further awarded to General Simpson the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour.—*Ibid.*

An insurrectionary manifesto, having no signature, has been published in the *Turin Gazzetta del Popolo* of September 29th. It is dated "Palermo, September 20th," and is addressed to the Sicilians, who are exhorted to rise and throw off the infamous tyranny of "Ferdinand Bourbon."

A very disagreeable incident took place at the State dinner given by the King of Portugal on the 18th, at the Ajuda Palace. M. Ozeroff, the Russian Minister, could not find the place which had been destined for him at the royal table; and, being probably out of temper with news of the fall of Sebastopol, his Excellency took the matter up rather warmly, but was prevented leaving the room by a Portuguese nobleman, who gave up his own place. He was ultimately pacified by the production of the card which bore his name, and which had been carried off the table by Madame Ozeroff's dress.

In the article on "The National Thanksgiving" last week, an error of statement occurred. Mr. Courtenay was represented as the advocate, Mr. Vely as the opponent, of compulsory church-rates. Mr. Courtenay has evidence, in 700 ounces of frosted silver, to the contrary.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Whoever is intended for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer; not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of his good faith. Communications should always be legibly written, and on one side of the paper only. If long, it increases the difficulty of finding space for them. We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. It is impossible to acknowledge the mass of letters we receive. Their insertion is often delayed owing to a press of matter; and when omitted, it is frequently from reasons quite independent of the merits of the communication.

The Leader.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1855.

Public Affairs.

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as the strain to keep things fixed when all the world is by the very law of its creation in eternal progress.—DR. ANNOLD.

AN EUROPEAN COUP D'ETAT.

THE Société de Crédit Mobilier has consented to adopt the recommendation of the French Government, and abstains from issuing the obligations of which it had given notice, to the extent of 240,000*l*. This fact is stated in the French papers, and repeated in the English, as an isolated event; but the political public in Paris has not told the kind of authority which this pressure on the part of Government indicates. Still less is the English public enabled to appreciate the grasp which it proves the French Government to possess, not only over the particular society, but over the whole commercial transactions of France. Explanations of the working of the society have been given in various newspapers, but they speak of it as if it were simply a vast mercantile institution, without seeming to be conscious how extensively it is designed to concentrate a control over the economy of the country; still less how it has succeeded in establishing that comprehensive jurisdiction. We in this country have no institution that resembles the society. From remarks which have been made, it might be supposed that it resembles our Stock Exchange, in which stock and shares can be bought or sold; but the Stock Exchange acts collectively in nothing more than giving a certain sanction and enforcing certain rules, the regular observance of which gives great convenience and influence to the members of the Stock Exchange. We have amongst us joint-stock companies for conducting a variety of business, and some of the insurance offices present examples of societies that combine several purposes—of granting individual guarantees, lending money, possibly on securities, and thus to a great extent it may be said, of dealing in securities. Still these societies are isolated; and whatever combinations they may have with each other, they can exercise no general control. An amalgamation of railway companies presents, in some limited respects, an example of what combination can effect in this country; but in comparison with the French model the example fails for its diminutive proportions.

The Société de Crédit Mobilier possesses a capital paid up of 2,400,000*l*.; it has authority to lend money on any kind of public securities, shares, bills of exchange, or other

"movable" property of the kind. It may also purchase stock and shares, and receive or pay moneys on behalf of the companies with which it is connected. It is likewise empowered to issue bonds in the exact ratio of the money that it has advanced. Thus it gives credit on the one side, and takes credit on the other; the shares, bonds, or other securities of its borrowers standing as securities for its lenders. It is empowered to issue obligations to the extent of ten times its capital, 24,000,000*l*.; its own paid-up capital constituting a guarantee fund equivalent to ten per cent. on the capital in which it may deal. The company may also receive sums on account current.

Now let us consider for a moment the nature of this machinery. The society becomes at once the partner and the agent for all joint-stock associations connected with it, receiving money for them, paying their dividends, holding their shares and their securities, advancing them capital, and, in short, establishing a very close and complicated amalgamation between the central society and a great number of other joint-stock associations. The aggregate capital in which the company is empowered to deal consists of its paid-up 2,400,000*l*., and its credit of 24,000,000*l*.—26,400,000*l*. in all. But, that is in reality a very small proportion of the capital which, upon realising the whole project, it could control with a concentrated authority. The obligations which it issues and which would go into the trade of the country have an equivalent in the sums advanced to the several companies, and thus we realise 48,000,000*l*., exclusively of the paid-up capital, or more than 50,000,000*l*. But to find the mass of floating property influenced by the society, we must add the unknown quantity consisting of all the capitals of all the companies with which it is connected. These companies are probably amongst the most active associations in the different parts of the country, and thus we say, the society operates as an agency which consolidates the commercial joint-stock interests of the provincial centres, while it places all those bodies under the direct control of a Government which shall say to the central body, "So far shall you issue bonds and no further." Nor does the society stand alone. There is also the society which was its model, the Crédit Foncier, to deal in real or fixed property much in the same fashion; and another society, the "Société Générale du Crédit Maritime," exercising similar functions with regard to merchandise in the foreign trade of France. Supposing that landowners, the proprietors of fixed property, have availed themselves of the one, and that foreign merchants have accepted the advances of the other, it follows that we have central agencies wielding a large capital, and influencing a still more enormous capital, and exercising a paramount control over the real property, the moveable property, and the merchandise of the country.

When the Emperor NAPOLEON was a prisoner at Ham he wrote his treatise on the extinction of pauperism. In that treatise will be found lurking the idea that the State should provide employment for the industrious classes by promoting the cultivation of the land and industrial occupations, and that it should do so more by directing the energy of the people than by subventions. LOUIS NAPOLEON confessedly borrowed this idea from Socialist writers. There is, indeed, a fundamental economical truth at the basis of all Socialist arguments worth examining, the nature of which has been several times explained in these pages. As ADAM SMITH said that the true increment of wealth lay in the division of labour; as EDWARD

GIBBON WAKEFIELD corrected that statement by showing that in order to the effect intended there must be combination of labour and division of employment; so the Socialist economists have proved that there cannot be the maximum increment of wealth without the combined labour and divided employment be carried on *in concert*; and the ablest political economists of our day, such as EDWARD GIBBON WAKEFIELD and JOHN STUART MILL, have recognised the substantial elements in the co-operative idea. LOUIS NAPOLEON, at all events, saw its capacity for bringing industry into combination, and still more decidedly its power to concentrate industry to be governed by the highest authority. It is evident from the character of the man, if we grant him whatever sincerity he can claim as desiring for obvious reasons to improve the economical condition of his countrymen, that a full half of his thought is given to the concentration of power which the Emperor can thus acquire. It has been supposed that the Napoleonic idea of the extinction of pauperism had been abandoned when it had been used, and LOUIS NAPOLEON, by the *coup d'état*, had acceded to the possession of arbitrary power. The facts do not confirm this supposition, but rather show that the EMPEROR is proceeding in a long formed design, the lines of which are only now beginning to unfold themselves to our view in their enormous proportions. The suggester of these societies, dealing by joint-stock in the capital of a number of outlying joint-stocks, is M. PEREIRE, a member of the St. Simonian order—that mystical sect of Socialists who adopted the idea of community of property, and some other things, upon apostolic grounds, and who established a transcendental authority in their chief. The last chief of their order, ENFANTIN, is now living in Egypt, where he has made a fortune; as several of his countrymen have who went to Egypt when the order was broken up. They are at the bottom of the plan for establishing the Suez Canal; they are to a great extent, in conjunction with other French coadjutors, the effective administration of Egypt. Here is another fact which shows how the association of the Napoleonic idea is ramified.

LOUIS NAPOLEON had no sooner acquired the supreme authority as President, than he began to exercise the soldiers of his army in exercise calculated to make them peculiarly efficient. Like his uncle, he identified himself with the soldiers—devoted himself to increasing their comforts—made the officers feel that his notice was their best prospect of promotion, and rendered them immediately dependent upon himself for approval and advancement. Having acquired a complete military control of France through its metropolis, by a sudden blow concerted with base agents in the dark he applied that concentrated power to a conversion of his republican headship into his Emperorship.

His patronage of the clergy indicates a design to identify himself in a similar manner with the religious institutions of France and of Italy. This part of his scheme, however, has been as yet less developed.

We are now in a position, from this analysis, to understand the Napoleonic policy. It consists apparently in this. The EMPEROR sees that material interests are divided, and that each section of society is intent upon its own development. He sets himself to create a machinery which shall subvert all those separate interests; place them, through their own advantage, in a state of connexion with the central authority; and so enable him, who can sway the central body, to hold a material guarantee for all the outlying and apparently inde-

pendent sections. Through the *Crédit Mobilier* and analogous societies the Government can positively control all the joint-stock undertakings of the country,—diminish or extend their capital; and therefore it can, to a certain extent, regulate the action and purchase the assent of the whole mercantile class, having interests engaged in joint-stock undertakings. Through his relations with the army and with the Prefects of towns, joined with the public works that give employment to the inhabitants, and even to the capital of local contractors, the EMPEROR exercises a political influence of a very similar kind. The clergy are ready-made instruments for a moral influence.

The same principles are capable of application to the foreign relations of the country. We have two examples of such an application. In the first plan, the now celebrated *Société de Crédit Mobilier* becomes a direct instrument. That society buys up shares, not only of French undertakings but of foreign. It has bought up the shares of the Society for the Canalisation of the Ebro. It has made offers to advance capital—the whole, for anything we know—for the American scheme to connect the Pacific and the Atlantic by a great commercial railway,—not the beggarly affair which now exists, but something which will do as well as the canal that now appears to be impracticable. The society has been making overtures to capitalists in Northern Italy. Already, therefore, there exists in Paris a design for the same kind of concentration abroad which exists within France.

The other application of the principle is more striking. England has certain interests in the Levant—in the transit to India, the maintenance of the balance of power, and so forth. Independently of Austria, and in spite of her, the constitutional kingdom of Sardinia has been founded; and it has extended into powerful proportions under protection of the league with the Western Powers. Spain, which is now furnishing France with corn to the profit both of the French and Spanish, has a princess married to a French prince, looking forward to the throne; and she possesses liberal statesmen who can only expect to maintain their position against the Carlist party and the revolutionists, while they are sustained by France and England. Naples has given offence to both the Western Powers; they could blow the KING off his throne with a single cannon shot; but they abstain from giving any encouragement to the revolutionary party of Italy, apparently bent on holding the balance, and only permitting any party to exist which shall feel that its existence pledges it to amity with the Western Powers. In like manner the Emperor NAPOLEON is by degrees extending a Free-trade intercourse with England. He has made Turkey feel that the integrity of her empire depends upon him, personally; for remove him, and the Western alliance with which Turkey is sustained falls to the ground; Russia and Austria march over Eastern Europe, and England is placed in a state of isolation. Liberalism is then set free. Egypt, which claims to be independent of the Porte, is made to feel that she has much material power and prosperity through the favour of France, but that she must not dictate any other existence than that permitted to her by the Western Powers. We are not now praising this application of the Napoleonic principle of solidarity of interest; we are not condemning it; we are neither exposing it nor preaching it: we are only describing the facts as they are unfolded before the eyes of every one of our readers as well as our own. We have posted up the account as far as we have the materials.

SURVEY OF THE WAR.

ACTIVE warlike operations, suspended for a moment after the crash of Sebastopol, then merging into silent preparation, have again begun in the Crimea. No longer bound hand and foot in the trenches, no longer "chained to Sebastopol," the Allies and the enemy have once more gained "mobility." That is a choice term used by Prince GORTSCHAKOFF in congratulating his army on their escape from Sebastopol. "Gained mobility!" but it would seem likely, from present appearances, to be the mobility of defeat.

For, as we have stated, the Allies are again in motion. Indications of the fact, from all sides, some brief and obscure, others more detailed, and one authentic, have accrued this week. The German newspapers persist in assuring us that the enemy is stealing off by Perekop, convoy by convoy, troop by troop. We do not give much heed to intelligence from these sources; but they are somewhat supported by statements from Odessa, that General ANNENKOFF, the Governor there, has ordered that no more stores should be sent to the Crimea, and has suspended the march of troops. From the plateau above Sebastopol the correspondents of the English papers see the enemy driving laden waggons from Fort Constantine and the storehouses on the shore of the north side—French shells from the batteries established in Sebastopol dropping among the long lines of carts, and breaking through the roofs of the buildings. These stores, so leisurely carried off, were placed in dépôt, it was conjectured, on the plateau of the Belbek; and meanwhile earthworks still continued to spring up, and masses of troops to gather here and there on the heights of Inkerman. Such are the indications of movement, whatever they may portend.

The military operations already in progress have been important, so far as we can guess from glimpses of them. Thus, on the 22nd, we hear of French troops moving on the Russian left by the Baidar Valley—apparently engaged in discovering the extent of the Russian position. We find them, as Prince GORTSCHAKOFF reports, coming within sight of the outposts of the extreme left of the enemy as far eastward as the heights of Urkusta, that is, the hills above the sources of the Chuliu which close in the Baidar Valley. From this fact we may assume that at that date the enemy's troops were extended in a long line from Urkusta to Fort Constantine; the main body remaining encamped on the Belbek, and the reserve holding Bakchi-Serai and Simpheropol. But another movement is in progress. On the 21st the last detachments of the French troops of all arms sailed from Kamiesch for Eupatoria. On the 22nd, such as had arrived, together with a portion of the Turkish garrison, moved inland in two bodies, one advancing as far as the village of Sak, the other going northward on the Perekop road as far as Orta Mamai. These operations so seriously threatened the Russian line of communications that it is probable Prince GORTSCHAKOFF immediately strengthened the Russian forces watching Eupatoria. But be that as it may, on the 29th of September, General d'ALLONVILLE, at the head of the French cavalry surprised the Russians under General KORF, killed 50, made 105 prisoners, and captured 6 guns, 12 caissons, and 250 horses, with the moderate loss of 6 killed and 27 wounded. We may, therefore, infer that the Russian army is assailed on both flanks, and the more strongly on its most vulnerable point, the line of retreat. Of course the Allies on the Tchernaya are so posted as to be in readiness to take

any advantages which apprehensions for his rear may cause Prince GORTSCHAKOFF to give them. If hardly and ably pushed by well-concerted and steadily-executed movements, the Russian General must be far stronger than he appears to hold his ground.

In Asia there also have been movements of some moment. OMAR PACHA is assembling a considerable force at Batoum, with the intention of holding Chefkatil as a base, and threatening, it is said, the Russian rear. But how he is to accomplish this, at the present season of the year, is a mystery we cannot solve. The safety of Kars is, of course, the object of his operations. But if Kars be not sufficiently well provisioned to hold out until the snow falls, we fear that OMAR PACHA's presence at Batoum will not much avail the garrison. The fall of Sebastopol and the proximate fall of snow may possibly cool the ardour of MOURAVIEFF, and form imperative reasons for putting his men in quarters; and as the latest accounts from Kars are encouraging, we have great hopes that the enemy will retire with frustrated hopes back upon Gumri.

GERMANY—DYNASTIC AND NATIONAL.

THERE has sprung up, in this country, a justifiable suspicion of secret diplomacy. The nation thinks its own practice weak and immoral, and that of America at least dignified and successful. Our statesmen have, since the outburst of war, illustrated with strange effect the vices of their profession. Standing in need of dynastic alliances—that revolution may be unnecessary—they have alternately wheedled and bullied the German Governments, acting upon their selfishness, or upon their fears, exactly as the occasion seemed to suggest. Liberal and far-sighted men have detected the profligacy as well as the vanity of this system; but is the conduct of the English press more consistent or more generous? It also has been engaged in flattering and insulting the German nation, inciting it to a war of independence, taunting it with apathy, and confounding its principles with the Russianised policy of its rulers. This is neither a wise nor an honest policy. It is not for men of earnest convictions to echo the variations of cajolery and insolence that issue from the secret cells of diplomacy. We ought to understand the German people and their Governments, and to choose between them. But, as there is no identity between the Germany of courts and cabinets and the Germany of living and generous nations, it is as much a proof of mental as of moral obliquity to repel the sympathies of the one because we cannot gain the co-operation of the other. Only a puerile and feeble race would be piqued into action by sarcasm or by rhapsody.

When have the Germans exhibited Russian tendencies? Since 1815—it is suggested—because Russian crosses sparkle on the breasts of men and women throughout the higher ranks of German society. But a distinction is necessary between the dynasties, with their titled *entourage*, and the nation, which has never, by a single motion, advanced the European intrigues of the Czars. If the people, as a body, were infected with this political corruption, it would not be the interest of their Governments to stifle their activity, to prohibit the utterance of their opinions, and to cut them off from all participation in legislative or administrative power. The Diet, the Austrian and Prussian Cabinets, the kings, princes, and dukes of thirty petty states, incessantly work to a common end—that of destroying the institutions established in 1830 or in 1848. In Austria the reigning

EMPEROR, three years ago, by a palace coup d'état, diverted the responsibility of the Ministers from the public bodies to himself. In Prussia, should the elections, presided over by the police, result in an unmanageable majority, the KING is prepared to abolish a constitution already mutilated by successive acts of perfidy. In Hanover a coup d'état has been successfully carried out. The Frankfort Assembly is putting forth its strength to obliterate the last traces of political independence in Germany. The complicated framework of insignificant states subjected to its control moves steadily through the approaches to an absolutist system, between which and the existing institutions of Germany there remains only a narrow tract still held by the constancy of the people.

Associated by the only interest they have in common—the repression of the liberal genius—the German Courts are at war upon all other questions. Catholicism in the south, Protestantism in the north, Calvinism and Lutherism in contiguous provinces, are used as agencies to delude the people into a belief that their cause is that for which the several governments contend. Saxon and Silesian, Hessian and Bavarian, Frieslander and Prussian, is appealed to in a separate language in the name of "United Germany." The vote or fraction of a vote of every miserable court—Schwartzburg-Rudolstadt, Hohenzollern-Hechingen, Anhalt-Cöthen, or Lippe-Bückeburg, is gained by terror and intrigue, and the irresponsible but legitimate animalcule, who are the powers of these atomic states, thrust their influence into the policy of Germany. At the settlement of Vienna, it was stipulated that in these little dynastic machines the motive force should be representative clockwork, but the time and methods of concession were left to the discreet authorities. The Central Diet was so constructed as to depress the entire nation to a dead level, so that the Courts and aristocracies alone exercise real power in Germany. A large proportion of the aristocracy is certainly Russianised—and its influence, penetrating the army and the bureaucratic service, has frequently aided an anti-national policy. But the Courts, Russian or not, pursue interests of their own—the interests of personal absolutism, totally distinct from those of the nation at large.

The nation at large have felt their wrongs, and have more than once endeavoured to gain political independence. But, besides the vast military police which dragoons them into submission, the policy of Europe has been dead against them. Dynastic Germany, which prevents the revolt of Europe against Russian principles, is the creation of the Treaty of Vienna. That treaty, framed in the capital of a military monarch, established maxims of conquest quite as immoral and quite as audacious as those by which the Czars have extended their dominion in Europe and Asia. In 1830, a number of constitutions were erected in Germany; but the cold breath of English diplomacy gave no encouragement to their authors, or to the movements which elsewhere were aimed at the despotism of the Emperor NICHOLAS. In 1848, when reaction reached a point beyond which few nations will suffer, the intelligent classes throughout Germany arrayed themselves with the popular party, and promoted a revolution singularly free from excess. Never was there a more ignominious combination of cowardice and treachery than was then exposed by the conduct of the German Government. They knew that inexperienced nations, which have the virtue and the patriotism to release themselves, in spite of military violence, yield sometimes before the perfidy of their magistrates. They entered

with cordial demonstrations into the ambition of the people. The enchantment lasted until Russia, with the tacit sanction of the British Government, quenched the newly-asserted independence of Hungary, when the courts and aristocracies fell to the work of reaction, which they consummated amid an infamous effusion of blood.

It was the purpose of the German people, in 1848, not only to war against their domestic oppressors, but to dissolve the Holy Alliance, and destroy the preponderating influence of Russia. If we were to select from the public expressions of their views during the short but spirited existence of their free press, we might gather a body of reasonings and declamations against the power of the Czar, to correspond with that which has been called into existence by the present war. But what did England do? While the Emperor NICHOLAS was combated by his natural enemies in Germany, he was flattered, among us, as the Great Conservative—Pacifist and Moderator. He was then exactly what he was when his armies crossed the Pruth; but the dynastic sympathies of our governing class gave strength to his policy, and a stimulus to his ambition. In Austria and Prussia, in the Frankfort Parliament, in Hesse-Cassel and Hanover, the people, released from the incubus of their flying or cowering rulers, proved that they had not been corrupted by Russia, by crying out for the restoration of Poland. The German liberals have a right to be indignant when they see satires and calumnies diffused with the obvious purpose of taunting their nation into a show of activity.

What do we desire the Germans to do? Their Governments stand upon a neutral policy, dictated to them by the clearest motives of personal interest. Austria and Prussia, in a dynastic sense, are too much at variance either to pursue a common course without impossible sacrifices, or to take opposite sides without incalculable danger. The other states, headed by them, and chiefly by Prussia, have no initiative. What then, we repeat, do we desire the nation to do? Its sovereigns will not act in our behalf, or press upon Russia the stipulations of "an honourable peace." Do we, then, ask of Germany that it shall repudiate these rulers, and spring to an attitude of revolution? We invite them to no such efforts, and our loudest blusterers know it. This alternate process of offence and entreaty is meant only to excite their sensibilities, that they may take up a menacing position with regard to their Governments, and thus enforce the representations of our diplomacy. Our statesmen are quite capable of making this use of the German people without adopting loyally one principle for which a German ought to bleed. What earthly interest can the Germans have in the Crimea, or in Turkey? To them the downfall of Sebastopol, and the temporary salvation of the Ottoman Empire, are only significant, inasmuch as they eclipse one of the great lights of despotism, which has now a second star—in the West. It is time, then, to do justice to nations. We ourselves appeal to magnanimous judgments. We recognise officially no principles, only exigencies. The German Governments, for our exigencies, refuse to imperil their interests, and the German populations do not yet see how our exigencies can serve their principles. If Germany had a free press it would, we are convinced, respond generally to these opinions. Its political utterances hitherto have been favourable to a Russian war. We have to learn, then, that we cannot gain the active alliance of that vast and courageous nation, because, powerless under military despotism, it is the instrument of profligate dynasties.

THE ARISTOCRACY.

It is mere childishness to revile the aristocracy for taking advantage of their eminence. They are privileged, and privilege is nothing unless its claims are preferred before those of ignoble men. The revived agitation, therefore, is illogical, and can only have the effect of a spasm unless it be removed to another basis. To be a Noble means to be honoured for the sake of a title, an ancestry, a family connexion; to be, in short, intrinsically important, whether with or without education or abilities. To this situation is attached a facility of obtaining public rewards—not for services or for merit, because aristocracy would be at an end if only meritorious aristocrats were exalted—but for being in a position to command them. Consequently, the power of being, by birth, that which a commoner (theoretically) can only be by merit, is inherent in the institution of nobility. It is the one real privilege of the privileged orders.

But our warehouses have Corinthian pillars as well as our palaces; we have placed a gilt edifice by the side of the Norman structure. New riches compete with old pedigrees. Though you should never have had a father, you are still, if endowed with lands and securities, in a condition to rival the small heads and white hands of Feudal dom. "The people" will assist you. They will have, in the most popular boroughs—generally speaking—none but men of influence, that is, men of property. Out of this social coalition has been created a mass of high officials, well paid, well polished, who perform their duties badly, or indifferently.

And, when our aristocratic institutions break down, we complain. We love our Lords, but they shall be Lords to no purpose. An Earl shall not be made a Field-Marshal for being an Earl, nor a Captain be held down in his captaincy for not being the nephew of a peer; but the three estates of the realm shall remain intact, nevertheless. To ourselves this has always seemed an irrational conclusion. Either there must be an aristocracy, or there need not. If it exist, it must be what it is—a class of privileged families, whose innate claims are superior to all others,—a class appropriating seats in the cabinet, mitres, marshal's bâtons, governorships, the highest field-rank, the largest pensions, the brightest decorations. Or, if it be an obsolete institution, it must be abolished in order that all grades of Englishmen may depute their best talents to the public service. Would they be willing to do it? From the conduct of certain citizen-princes we are led to doubts. Inexperienced noblemen become administrators of commerce, because commercial men decline to forego the prodigality of emolument arising from private speculation.

Even peers, however, sleep at times the sleep of RIP VAN WINKLE before attaining their rewards. Lord COMBERMERE and the Earl of STRAFFORD were last heard of about forty years ago. Several revolutions took place in the world, emperors died, statesmen ran their full careers, and bequeathed their places to a new generation—"The Duke" himself became a tradition—while these coroneted brothers-in-arms lay amid the lumber of the great war. Suddenly, while the soldiers of a younger race are fighting and perishing in the battles of a new conflict between empires, STRAFFORD and COMBERMERE start upon the scene, and are crowned for their Peninsular services. We have some Field-Marshal's bâtons to spare, and we give them to shadows. If the two military peers had been neglected, if just honours had been withheld from them, if their contemporaries had undervalued their feats of arms or strategy, it is, indeed, never too late to acknow-

ledge and repair a public wrong. But the time was not chosen with much regard to dramatic propriety. We have no excuse for creating a Field-Marshal for any achievement at the Redan; therefore, we appease our Brevet itchings by promoting men who fought, perhaps, at Busaco. It may be consoling to officers distinguished in the present war, that if their services are, for the time, disparaged by the Horse Guards, there is a precedent for promoting them in 1895.

Not being familiar with military technicalities, we do not know the exact value of the term "Field-Marshal." We surmise that it means the supreme chief who marshals the field. But it is becoming the practice to confer this title only on ornamental officers. It would be inconsistent with all propriety for one of our Field-M Marshals to assume any command at all; for two others it would be impossible. Lord HARDINGE, we think, has won his laurels; and no one regrets to see the initials "F. M." appended to his name and style in the peerage. He is, at least, an active administrator—a man on the scene, the virtual as well as the nominal head of the British army. He is something more than a parade officer—and not quite superannuated.

We are not writing at last Wednesday's *Gazette* especially. What we ask our readers to consider, seriously, is this:—that the aristocracy has the public service, with all its appendage of rewards, in its own hands. It employs itself, salaries itself, pensions itself, decorates itself; and, if "new blood" is now and then admitted, makes it pay heavily, and does not bargain that it shall be of the best. The nation dislikes this system—is disgusted with the results—begins to question the principle. It sees a group of feathered Field-M Marshals—and no Generals—high rank and poor abilities—florid *Gazettes*, and equivocal victories. This does not content the public soul. What is the alternative? Reform the aristocracy? The aristocracy varies with the men who, in successive generations, represent it. Place it on a level with other classes? Then it ceases to be an aristocracy. It can never be influenced; it can only be destroyed.

The public professes to be disgusted with its official system; but is the public sincere? Does it rigorously examine the claims of its own favourites? Are not men sent to Parliament because they are popular among the electors for some reason unconnected with their legislative capacities? Why is Sir JOSEPH PAXTON the member for Coventry? Clearly, because his gardens, his gutters, and his Crystal Palace contrivances pleased the Electoral mind. The Electoral mind, therefore, honoured him, and he was commissioned to control the destinies of the Empire. We will not be invidious. The same remark applies to the choice of Mr. LAYARD, who has done good service in Parliament. But let his constituents ask themselves—would they have elected him, had he not dug up the Nineveh Bull? Here is the evil. A man becomes popular, no matter on what account, and straightway he is eligible for Parliament. Thus the minority of free constituencies diminish their own influence, and justify the retorts of the aristocracy.

If these weaknesses prevail among the middle classes, what wonder that interests prevail among the aristocracy? While that body retains its position, it is impossible for any Government to stand without conciliating it by patronage. Premiers must have followers; secretaries of state must have connexions. If PALMERSTON will not govern upon this principle, he must give way to DERBY, who will. The weight of Parliament is necessary, and Parliament, though it fills

its sails with public opinion, is ballasted by the aristocracy.

We hear renewed the cry against the substitution of personal for public interests. We cannot reform while we have an hereditary political aristocracy. How long must we have that?

THE "LIMITED LIABILITY" STEP TO SOUND CREDIT.

WE must have some years, not only of criticism but of experience in the application of the Limited Liability Act, before we shall be prepared to appreciate the social revolution which it promises to effect, and which some of its promoters have foreseen, even before they concentrated their attention upon that particular study. The various modes in which the act can have been applied have been pointed out by critics; its capacity for bringing forward much dormant capital existing amongst the working classes has been foreseen; but nothing gives a better idea of the great reform that is comprised in the statute, with all its imperfections, than the pamphlet* of Mr. JAMES, which is given by Messrs. BUTTERWORTH to the public.

Here we have the act, with notes explaining exactly the force and mode of applying each different clause in its order, the relation of the statute to previous statutes, and the classes of joint-stock associations that are brought within its operation, or are excluded from it. By the help of this pamphlet any persons having an interest in the application of the new law—whether in bringing an enterprise in which they are interested under its provisions, in planning a new scheme, in purchasing shares, in advancing money by way of loan, or otherwise,—can learn exactly in what manner to shape their conduct; and those who have new projects in view will see whether or not they can render the statute available for their purpose. In short, by the help of these illustrations, one is able to see the act through and through—not a very easy matter. A coach and six may be "driven through an Act of Parliament"—and through a fog.

The act is imperfect, and nothing brings out its imperfections more than this detailed examination. It evidently excludes companies not "completely registered" under the Act 7th and 8th Victoria, chap. 110, which would preclude any company formed before the 1st of November, 1844, from obtaining the immunity of Limited Liability, although such company may have complied with the 58th section of the Registration Act, permitting companies then existing to register themselves anew within three months. There are several other inconsistencies in the measure; but its great utility consists in laying down two principles. In the first place, that any person advancing capital to a joint-stock, may be liable with respect to the undertaking of that joint-stock only to the amount of the capital so advanced, so long as, *bonâ fide*, he executes no other act than that of advancing the money. Secondly, that managers preserve to their liability its full limitation, so long as they rigidly observe the rules laid down for them. When they depart from those rules, they become liable to the extent of the departure. Thus, if dividends be made when the company has become insolvent, the director consenting thereto is liable to the creditors of the company for the amount paid away improperly in dividends. There is another principle recognised by the act, which, in conjunction with these two that we

* The Limited Liability Act (18th and 19th Victoria, chap. 133): with Introduction and Notes. By J. H. James, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Butterworths.

have pointed out, is a great step towards a practical definition of what shall be "credit" for commercial purposes, and the means of maintaining its laws against violation. The promoters of the company are obliged to make certain declarations, being in fact the manifesto of their consent to the conditions under which they secure limited liability; by that manifesto they obtain certain immunities, and give certain pledges for their liability to a limited extent; in other words, they define the credit to which they have a right. Under the previous act of 6th William IV., chapter 62, persons making a false declaration are guilty of *widemeanor*. The practical effect of the whole arrangement is, that the company which brings forward certain capital for certain purposes shall render that capital liable, but not the persons and properties to whom it belongs; at the same time, persons trading with the company know exactly the amount of liability which the shareholders in the company undergo. The whole is so far straightforward and matter of fact, and the question of credit is one between the company and the creditors. If those who obtain credit, with the immunities from further liability, do so by a false declaration, they are guilty of fraud upon the creditor; and here the offence becomes one, not of bankruptcy but of fraud, and is punishable as an offence against the criminal law.

It must be remembered that this law of liability refers only to *joint-stock* undertakings, in which one person enlarges his credit by uniting with others, whose property is staked with his. The statute affecting private partnerships and "sleeping partnerships" was postponed; but we shall see hereafter how the same principles will guide us through that narrower and more difficult navigation to a straight course towards a sound law of credit, reconciling honesty, regularity, and free trade.

Open Council.

[IN THIS DEPARTMENT, AS ALL OPINIONS, HOWEVER EXTREME, ARE ALLOWED AN EXPRESSION, THE EDITOR NECESSARILY REMAINS RESPONSIBLE FOR NONE.]

THE PHONETIC SYSTEM.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—In the *Leader* of the 15th of September, 1855, page 896—Reviews—"English: Past and Present"—by the Rev. R. C. Trench—the reviewer concludes his criticism on that work thus:—

"As regards the lecture on spelling, it will be enough to say it points out in a very able manner the plain disadvantages of the Phonetic system, which has now, we believe, in common with other spurious systems invented to save time and trouble, died a natural death."

From the foregoing, the only conclusion I can come to is, that neither Mr. Trench nor his reviewer have taken any trouble to make inquiries respecting the fate of the Phonetic system by Ellis and Pitman; and I am very glad to be able to undeceive them—the cause is flourishing. There is a considerable annual increase of members to the society, as there is also a great increase to the publication on the subject. Accompanying this is a copy of one of the quarterly publications; but there are several others monthly, amongst which I presume the most important is the *Phonetic Journal*, of 30 pp., large 8vo, now in its 14th vol., printed by J. Pitman, at the Phonetic Institution, Bath. The Phonetic shorthand is the most perfect system of short-hand yet invented, and is so highly approved of that it is fast superseding all previous systems. Many words in the latest edition of Webster's Dictionary are spelled phonetically; and, I rejoice to say, there is the same great progress both in Mesmerism and Phrenology as applied as remedial agents in mental and physical disease, and with the happiest success, and generally without cost to the patient. The *Zoist*, one of the most interesting medical books I ever read, of the same size as the *Reviews*, is now in its 13th vol.

Yours truly,

ARTHUR TREVELYAN.

Tyneholm, Pencatland, N. B.,
2nd October, 1855.

Literature.

Critics are not the legislators, but the judges and police of literature. They do not make laws—they interpret and try to enforce them.—*Edinburgh Review*.

It will scarcely be denied that the Reviewer who in one week reads and notices seven or eight good octavo volumes of history, philosophy, criticism, politics, and fiction, must be a man of rapid reading, rapid writing, and boundless courage. Nor will it be denied that every number of a quarterly review contains more matter, more thought and learning, than an ordinary octavo. And the same may be said, in a less degree, of each number of *Blackwood*, *Fraser*, the *Dublin University*, &c. The articles are necessarily varied. They contain the learning and the thought of many writers on many subjects, packed close. Now if that mythical personage, the Courteous Reader, will be courteous enough to put these two facts together, he may form some estimate of the demands made on us once every three months; for in less than the space of a week we are expected to read and review the *Westminster*, the *National*, the *British Quarterly*, the *Irish Quarterly*, the *London Quarterly*, *Blackwood*, *Fraser*, *Tait*, and the *Dublin University*. The thing, obviously, is not to be done. We can only read some of the articles, glance at others, and utterly decline transactions with the rest. The unread authors will not understand this. However busy, we at least might read their articles. They cheerfully admit that we cannot be expected to be interested in all topics, but surely their topics are of too important a nature not to arrest every cultivated mind. They admit that we cannot be expected to combine a knowledge of Comparative Anatomy with Arrow-headed inscriptions, the history of Literature with insight into the fancies of Russia, German Metaphysics with Exegetical Criticism, the English Constitution with the Geographical Distribution of Races: no one had—not even that of which SYDNEY SMITH said that science was its forte and omniscience its foible—is expected to contain all these subjects, yet BROWN thinks it "too bad" if you don't know something of the Tobolsk Mines, on which he has written, or on the Currency Question, on which he has new views.

This, therefore, is our complaint. We place it beside the one humorously set forth in *Blackwood* this month, wherein the writer narrates how reviewers are abused by unreviewed authors. It is certain that no man believes he is unreviewed because he is not worth reviewing. Who ever heard of a play refused by a manager because it was not good, or of a work which the world very willingly let die because it had small merit? The thing does not exist. But we hereby make known to all whom it may concern, that we do not read every article in every periodical, nor do we intend to do so in future. Leisure, taste, an idea of our readers and what they will like, guide us to certain articles, and these we notice and chat about with no more elaborate purpose than that of indicating what we think will be found worth reading, and of touching here and there on a point worth considering.

Review-writing, it is well said by a brilliant writer in the *National Review*, exemplifies the casual character of modern literature. He has with equal wit and sagacity noticed the peculiarity of reviewers, and their abject use of the fact that their space is circumscribed. "A real reviewer always spends his first and best pages on the parts of a subject on which he wishes to write, the easy comfortable parts which he knows. The formidable difficulties which he owns, you foresee by a strange fatality he will only reach two pages before the end; to his great grief there is no opportunity for discussing them." Is not this excellently said? Indeed, the whole article—which is on the *First Edinburgh Reviewers*—is a rare example of felicitous writing, brilliant, thoughtful, picturesque and playful, yet presenting in its easy pages good matter for thinking. His sketch of Lord ELDON, and of the state of the British mind acquiescent in Eldonism is admirable. His portrait of the ideal Whig, and his exemplification of it in HANNAH; the way in which he makes you feel the true relation of the *Edinburgh Review* and its whiggism to the state of opinion at the time, belong to the masterly style of historical painting. Very humorous, and cuttngly true, is the indication of the scepticism which justifies the adherents to the *status quo*—*e. g.*

Lord Eldon never read Hume or Montaigne, but occasionally, in the interests of common law, you may find sentences with their meaning, if not in their manner; "Dumpe's case always struck me as extraordinary, but if you depart from Dumpe's case, what is there to prevent a departure in every direction?"

We must extract this bit about FRANCIS HORNER:—

Francis Horner's was a short and singular life. He was the son of an Edinburgh shopkeeper. He died at thirty-nine; and when he died, from all sides of the usually cold House of Commons great statesmen and thorough gentlemen got up to deplore his loss. Tears are rarely parliamentary: *all men are ariad towards young Scotchmen*; and it was one of that inclement nation whom statesmen of the species Castlereagh, and statesmen of the species Whitbread—with all the many kinds and species that lie between the two—rose in succession to lament. The fortunes and superficial features of the man make it more singular. He had no wealth, was a briefless barrister, never held an office, was a conspicuous member of the most unpopular of all oppositions—the opposition to a glorious and successful war. He never had the means of obliging any one. He was destitute of showy abilities: he had not the intense eloquence or overwhelming ardour which enthral and captivate popular assemblies: his powers of administration were little tried, and may possibly be slightly questioned. In his youthful reading he was remarkable for laying down, for a few months of study,

enormous plans, such as many years would scarcely complete; and not especially remarkable for doing anything wonderful towards accomplishing those plans. Sir Walter Scott, who, though by no means illiberal in his essential intellect, was a keen partisan on superficial matters, and no latent critic on actual Edinburgh Whigs, used to observe, "I cannot admire your Horner; he always reminds me of Obadiah's bull, who, though he never certainly did produce a calf, nevertheless went about his business with so much gravity, that he commanded the respect of the whole parish." It is no explanation that he was a considerable political economist: *no real English gentleman, in his secret soul, was ever sorry for the death of a political economist*: he is much more likely to be sorry for his life. There is an idea that he has something to do with statistics; or, if that be exploded, that he is a person who writes upon "value;" says that rent is—you cannot very well make out what; talks exorbitant currency; who may be useful as drying machines are useful; but the notion of crying about him is absurd. You might as well cry at the death of a cormorant. Indeed, *how he can die is very odd*. You would think a man who could digest all that arid matter; who really preferred "sawdust without butter;" who liked the tough substance of rigid *formule*, might defy by intensity of internal constitution all stomachic or lesser diseases. However, they do die, and people say that the dryness of the Sahara is caused by a deposit of similar bones.

The explanation of HORNER's influence is also admirable; but it must be sought by our readers in the *Review* itself. We can only spare room for the following defence of the literature of our day:—

There is, as yet, no Act of Parliament compelling a *bona fide* traveller to read. If you wish him to read, you must make reading pleasant. You must give him short views, and clear sentences. It will not answer to explain what all the things which you describe, are not. You must begin by saying what they are. There is exactly the difference between the books of this age, and those of a more laborious age, that we feel between the lecture of a professor and the talk of the man of the world—the former profound, systematic, suggesting all arguments, analysing all difficulties, discussing all doubts, very admirable, a little tedious, slowly winding an elaborate way, the characteristic effort of one who has lived wisdom during many studious years, agreeable to such as he is, anything but agreeable to such as he is not—the latter, the talk of the manifold talker, glancing lightly from topic to topic, suggesting deep things in a jest, unfolding unanswerable arguments in an absurd illustration, expounding nothing, completing nothing, exhausting nothing, yet really suggesting the lessons of a wider experience, embodying the results of a more finely tested philosophy, passing with a more Shakspearian transition, connecting topics with a more subtle link, refining on them with an acuter perception, and what is more to the purpose, pleasing all that hear him, charming high and low, in season and out of season, with a word of illustration for each and a touch of humour intelligible to all, fragmentary yet imparting what he says, allusive yet explaining what he intends, disconnected yet impressing what he maintains. This is the very model of our modern writing. The man of the modern world is used to speak what the modern world will hear; the writer of the modern world must write what that world will indulgently and pleasantly peruse.

Our extracts will have shown that this writer is one worth looking after; indeed, the article is by many degrees the best of the many we have read this quarter. It is followed by one on *Decimal Coinage*, which we ought to have read, but somehow the "stern Idea of Duty" did not coerce us in that direction. The paper on CORNEWALL LEWIS and the *Credibility of Roman History* is seriously and thoughtfully written. The writer combats the decision of Sir G. C. LEWIS, and establishes some ground for historical acceptance of the legends. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites*. A slight but well-written paper on HANNAH's *Eustace Conyers*, Mrs. GASKELL's *North and South*, and two other novels, is succeeded by an analysis of the *Blue Book on the Civil Service*. TENNYSON's *Maud* is of course reviewed—no periodical can be without that subject—but the writer seizes the occasion to discourse on TENNYSON generally, which he does both with novelty and acumen. *Statesmen of the Day* is after-dinner talk, about some of our leading men. *St. Paul* is a very disappointing article; interesting from its notice of the works of STANLEY and JOWETT—works which show the English Church to possess men of large and liberal minds, aided by learning, ample and minute; interesting also in a lesser degree from certain ideas which the writer propounds; but disappointing because a grand subject is obscurely and unsatisfactorily treated; the ideas are so coiled up in the wordy exposition, that they are seized with difficulty, and fail of the effect they might have had in a better exposition. Thus it is an article which will be caviare to the public, though theological readers will not pass it over.

In striking contrast stands the article on *Dr. Cumming and Evangelical Teaching*, in the *Westminster*, which the public will read more eagerly than theologians, for its wit, its subtle analysis of the popular preacher's mind, and its wise philosophy, gentle as it is wise. The writer does not attack Dr. CUMMING; but his article is terribly severe in its analysis; and it exposes with an unsparing hand his shallowness, his want of veracity, and the utterly immoral tendency of his teaching. This it does partly by grave argument, partly by wit in which argument is concentrated; as, for example, on the subject of everlasting punishment, for which Dr. CUMMING is clamorous—"Do we object, he asks, to everlasting happiness? Then why object to everlasting misery? Reasoning which is, perhaps, felt to be cogent by theologians who anticipate the everlasting happiness for themselves, and the everlasting misery for their neighbours."

In the following, both argument and wit are employed:—

This leads us to mention another conspicuous characteristic of Dr. Cumming's teaching—the absence of genuine charity. It is true that he makes large profession of tolerance and liberality within a certain circle; he exhorts Christians to unity; he would have Churchmen fraternise with Dissenters, and exhorts these two branches of God's family to defer the settlement of their differences till the millennium. But the love thus taught is the love of the *clan*, which is the correlative of antagonism to the rest of mankind. It is not sympathy and helpfulness towards men as men, but towards men as Christians, and as Christians in the sense of a small minority. Dr. Cumming's religion may demand a tribute of love, but it gives a charter to hatred; it may enjoin charity, but it fosters all uncharitableness. If I believe that God tells me to love my enemies, but at the same time hates His own enemies and requires me

to have one will with Him, which has the larger scope, love or hatred? And we refer to those pages of Dr. Cumming's in which he opposes Roman Catholics, Puseyites, and Infidels—pages which form the larger proportion of what he has published—for proof that the idea of God which both the logic and spirit of his discourses keep present to his hearers, is that of a God who hates his enemies, a God who teaches love by fierce denunciations of wrath—a God who encourages obedience to his precepts by elaborately revealing to us that his own government is in precise opposition to those precepts. We know the usual evasions on this subject. We know Dr. Cumming would say that even Roman Catholics are to be loved and succoured as men; that he would help even that "unclean spirit," Cardinal Wiseman, out of a ditch. But who that is in the slightest degree acquainted with the action of the human mind, will believe that any genuine and large charity can grow out of an exercise of love which is always to have an *arrière-pensée* of hatred? Of what quality would be the conjugal love of a husband who loved his spouse as a wife, but hated her as a woman?

In the lighter style how graphic is this picture of the Clergyman on a Sunday:—

Pleasant to the clerical flesh under such circumstances is the arrival of Sunday! Somewhat at a disadvantage during the week, in the presence of working-day interests and lay splendours, on Sunday the preacher becomes the cynosure of a thousand eyes, and predominates at once over the Amphytrion with whom he dines, and the most captious member of his church or vestry. He has an immense advantage over all other public speakers. The platform orator is subject to the criticism of hisses and groans. Counsel for the plaintiff expects the retort of counsel for the defendant. The honourable gentleman on one side of the House is liable to have his facts and figures shown up by his honourable friend on the opposite side. Even the scientific or literary lecturer, if he is dull or incompetent, may see the best part of his audience quietly slip out one by one. But the preacher is completely master of the situation: no one may hiss, no one may depart. Like the writer of imaginary conversations, he may put what imbecilities he pleases into the mouths of his antagonists, and swell with triumph when he has refuted them. He may riot in gratuitous assertions, confident that no man will contradict him; he may exercise perfect free-will in logic, and invent illustrative experience; he may give an evangelical edition of history with the inconvenient facts omitted—all this he may do with impunity, certain that those of his hearers who are not sympathising are not listening.

We had marked several passages for extract, but "our limits" (this time a real excuse) forbid.

In the same *Review* there is an article on the *Position of Woman*, which the reader might possibly shun, if the title suggested to him many pages violent in protests and vague in declamation. We assure him the article is nothing of the kind. It is something never yet presented on that subject—a laborious collection of facts respecting the laws to which woman has been subject in barbarian nations, both ancient and modern, and a presentation, especially complete of the Roman laws about women. The industry with which these data have been collected, and the interest as well as the entertainment of the facts themselves, make the paper extremely valuable, as well as very amusing. It is just the article from which to cull abundant extracts; but as we wish the reader to weigh the whole of the facts presented in it, for the sake of the philosophic purpose directing their colligation, we shall only draw upon it for one amusing sample of what reads like the *Paradise for Husbands*. The writer is speaking of the Hindoo marriages:—

Marriage having been effected, the husband is commanded to keep his wife in such subjection, "both day and night, that she by no means be mistress of her own actions." "In every stage of life a woman is created to obey;" and the husband is expressly authorised to enforce obedience from his wife by means of the "lash, or the small shoot of a cane." But even complete self-abdication, and the most degrading submission to the will of her lord, are only a small part of what the Hindu sages exact from her; though her husband may be enamoured of another woman, though he may be "crooked, aged, infirm, offensive in his manners, choleric, a drunkard, a gambler, or a debauchee," yet he must be constantly revered as a god by a virtuous wife. . . . A woman has no other god on earth than her husband. The most excellent of all the good works she can perform is to gratify him. This should be her only devotion. . . . When her husband sings, she must be in ecstasy. If he dances, she views him with delight. If he speaks of science, she is filled with admiration. When in his presence she must be always gay.

The article on *Theism* will interest many. It is more remarkable for the candour and force with which it puts objections, than for the solutions offered; but the tone is throughout philosophic and the matter thoughtful. *Drunkenness not curable by Legislation* is a valuable paper, but would have been more so with greater space and a more abundant collection of facts: at present the amount of argument predominates over what is most needed, namely, facts. The argument is excellent both in temper and thought; but we want facts. The Maine Liquor Law, which the teetotal fanatics are trying to get established in England, would be one of the greatest curses of which at present there is any danger from Legislation. One consideration alone is appalling, from the known consequences of fanaticism:—

The members of the Temperance Society bind themselves not to vote for any candidate for office who is not sound on the prohibition question; and, reciprocally, we have Mr. Neal Dow, Mayor of Portland, the original author of the Maine Law, writing of the present Governor of Connecticut, "Our governor is as true as steel and as firm as a rock. He will not appoint to any office any man who is not a true friend to the Maine Law." If a man in authority differs from them, they flood the country with violent tirades against him. Governor Seymour, in the exercise of an indisputable prerogative, vetoed the bill last year in New York. The Temperance organs spoke of him as a hardened despot, and the American Temperance Union published 8500 "strictures" on his conduct.

The poorest article in the *Review* is one on an excellent subject, *The London Daily Press*. The first part is a jumble of facts without philosophy or picture; the second part is taken up with a history of the *Times*, which reads like a *plaidoyer* in favour of that journal, and yet, to our thinking, misses its real merit. Among the curious facts here narrated is one which reads amusingly at the present time. After relating the spirited opposition of the *Times* in 1806, the writer says:—

Such conduct as this on the part of a mere journalist was not to be endured, and accordingly every effort was made by the Government officials to prevent the *Times*

from obtaining early information relating to the progress of the war. To such an extent was this petty system of warfare carried, that, at one period, the *Times* packages from the Continent were always stopped by Government at the outposts, while those for the Ministerial journals were allowed to pass. The captains of foreign vessels were asked by a Government officer at Gravesend if they had papers for the *Times*; if they had, all such were regularly stopped. The Gravesend officer, when explanation was demanded, said he would willingly transmit the foreign papers to the *Times* with the same punctuality as he did those belonging to the other newspapers, but he was not allowed. After repeated applications on the subject at the Home Secretary's Office, Mr. Walter was informed that he might receive his papers as a favour from Government. This, of course, implying the expectation of a corresponding favour from the editors in the spirit and tone of his publication, was firmly rejected; and "he in consequence suffered for a time (by the loss or delay of important packets) for this resolution to maintain, at all hazards, his independence."

We have only noticed two *Reviews*, and yet see the extent of space already covered! Either we must despatch the rest in a sentence, or leave them till next week. The latter is the better plan, and shall be adopted.

INDIA, CHINA, AND JAPAN.

A Visit to India, China, and Japan, in the Year 1853. By Bayard Taylor.

Low and Son.

MR. TAYLOR's narrative is rapid and slight, but leaves vivid impressions on the mind. It is less an account of manners than a description of architecture and scenery. Neither the monotonous life of the Hindus, nor the grotesque society of China, seems to have influenced this traveller's imagination so powerfully as the pure glories of the Pathan mausolea, or the crimson sunsets of Asia. He records his intention, at Bombay, of criticising the social aspects of Hindustan under its English masters; but that object is only partially fulfilled, while the Taj Mahal, the Khutub Minar, and other remains of the gorgeous Moguls, "who designed like Titans and finished like jewellers," are delineated in elaborate pages of word-painting. Mr. Taylor does right in following an instinct. He is essentially an artist, and only treats effectively of men and civilisation when they contribute colours to a picture. Thus the Chinese at Shanghai, moving through the evolutions of a martial drama, come into the foreground like actors in a farce; but Mr. Taylor's pen is blunted when it touches subjects of political importance.

From Suez he proceeded down the Red Sea, between the purple and violet shores of Egypt and the Sinai peninsula, with the summit of Horeb clearly defined against the heavens, and even the peak of Sinai faintly visible among its companion clouds. On the second day Mocha, the coffee-town, was in view, and on the third the steamer launched into the Indian Ocean, sweeping through the pale-green waters that froth round the Arabian shoals.

At Aden Mr. Taylor was critical. That tourist, he says, was perfectly correct who designated it as "hell with the fires put out;" moreover, its naval value has been exaggerated; for, like Gibraltar, it would be useless without a fleet. We wonder to what maritime fortress—Sebastopol, Malta, or Cherbourg—this remark could not be applied. But, we have already said, Mr. Taylor satisfies us only when he writes in pencil. The first glimpse of India, with its blue ridges, blue rivers, and tracts of palm and rice, excited him as deeply as if he had been a young traveller; but the ripest imaginations are the most quickly moved. In Bombay his American eye was pleased with the signs of "go-ahead" civilisation, rails, mail-coaches, and London luxuries, though still the streets were thronged with Eastern pomp, with palanquins, bridal processions, Parsee children decorated with gold and silver, and Parsee women with floating robes of orange and yellow silk. In the gardens of the city, beds of rich flame-coloured flowers, the milky, pendulous bloom of the Indian acacia, and the stems of palms, shining in the sun like golden pillars, appeared as superb avenues to the inner East. But here also are the dark caves of Elephanta, where the mute thoughts of other ages are embodied in sculptures and hieroglyphics, which not even the Egyptologists affect to comprehend. These twilight sanctuaries Mr. Taylor describes with pictorial effect, but it was at Agra and at Delhi that he was inspired with his most poetical admiration of India. It is to the credit of the British Government that they preserve the splendid works of the Moguls in their original perfection, allowing no damp to dim their colours, no fractures to disfigure their arches, no taint of ruin to creep over their exquisite tracery. The Pearl Mosque, Akbar's Palace, and the Taj Mahal, though wrought with ideal delicacy, have lost, by the lapse of time, not even the fine polish of their beauty. Inlaid blossoms of cornelian, with petals of bloodstone, silver flagstones, Florentine mosaics of jasper, agate and lapis-lazuli, balustrades of white marble, fretted into patterns of lilies, irises, and tulips, as aerial as lace, and gilded domes incrustured with gems, remain unsoiled and sacred, with fresh roses daily strewn over the tombs, and lamps fed with perfume in the shrines. This circumstance alone refutes the frenzied extravagance of those philanthropists who repeat Burke's saying, that the influence of the English in India is as that of the jackal and the tiger. The country bears, in parts, the evidences of neglect, and Mr. Taylor discourses on the shortcomings of the Government; but, with every other traveller who writes with a sense of responsibility, he testifies to the beneficent institutions that have been introduced. To show that his book contains materials lighter than the political, or even the picturesque, we will quote a story picked up in the palace of Akbar:—

"One day," so began the old man, "Akbar-Shah and Rajah Beer-bul were sitting together. Akbar said to Beer-bul, 'What would you do, if a great misfortune fell upon you?' Said Beer-bul, 'I should give myself up to pleasure.' 'How to pleasure,' said Akbar, 'when you were unfortunate?' 'Still,' said Beer-bul, 'I should do it.' The next day Akbar said to Beer-bul, 'Take this ruby, and keep it till I call for it.' Now it was a ruby worth millions of rupees, such as there never was in the world, before nor since. So Beer-bul took the ruby home to his daughter, and kept her keep it carefully, for it belonged to Akbar-Shah; and she locked it up in a chest with three locks.

"Then Akbar sent to the greatest robber in the place, who was condemned to die, and had him brought before him. 'Robber,' said he, 'I will give you your life, if you can do one thing for me.' 'What is that?' said the robber. 'You must steal from my Minister, Beer-bul, a ruby which I have given him to keep,' said Akbar."

Shek. The robber agreed, and no sooner had he gone into the city upon this errand, than he sent for a very cunning little old woman. There is now no woman living who is so cunning as she was, although"—interpolated the Shek, with a sly twinkle of the eye—"there are still some, who would be a match for Ebliz himself. Well, this little cunning old woman went to Beer-bul's daughter and engaged herself as maid, and she gradually so won her confidence that Beer-bul's daughter showed her the box with three locks and the ruby. So she filched the keys, opened the locks, took the ruby, and gave it to the robber, who brought it to Akbar. Then Akbar threw it into the Jumna, and sent for Beer-bul. 'Bring me the ruby,' said he. 'Very well,' said Beer-bul, and went home to bring it, but behold! it was stolen. 'Well, where's the ruby?' said Akbar. 'Your Majesty shall have it in fifteen days.' 'Very well,' said Akbar, but remember that your head is security for it.

"Beer-bul went home, and said to his daughter, 'We have but fifteen days to live—let us spend them in festivity.' So they ate, and drank, and gave feasts and dances, till in twelve days they had spent many lacs of rupees, and there was not a piece left them to buy food. They remained thus two days. On the fourteenth morning, the daughter of a fisherman who fished in the Jumna said to her father: 'Father, the Rajah Beer-bul and his daughter have had nothing to eat for two days; let me take them this fish for breakfast.' So she took them the fish, which Beer-bul's daughter received with many thanks, and immediately cooked. But as they were eating it, there came a pebble into Beer-bul's mouth. He took it out in his fingers, and, wah! it was the ruby. The next morning he went to Akbar-Shah, and said: 'Here is the ruby, as I promised.' Akbar was covered with surprise; but when he had heard the story, he gave Beer-bul two crores of rupees, and said that he spoke the truth—it was better to rejoice than to grieve in misfortune."

At Delhi and Oude Mr. Taylor saw—as who could fail to see?—in the one, a humiliating spectacle of decrepitude; in the other, to use Rymer's phrase descriptive of *Othello*, "a bloody farce." That the mighty Subah of the Deccan should be ruled by a prince (under treaties which he has repeatedly and systematically broken) who preys like a Bourbon upon villages and cities; or that the people of Oude should be tortured by an idiot who burns thirty or forty villages whenever the taxing season returns, is a reproach to the British Empire. It is to be hoped, at the same time, that when the octogenarian Akbar II., the impotent representative of the Mogul dynasty, dies, the exhibitions will cease of our Imperial Government paying theatrical homage to a man who is not even permitted to be the tyrant of his own household. For fifty years has he sat on the crystal throne, a piteous image of imbecility. But the ignominy of his situation is mild compared with that of the drivelling King of Oude, who, retaining only the powers of domestic oppression, subjects myriads of human beings to the rigours of his malignant idocy. Mr. Taylor's anecdotes of this phantom court illustrate the worst that has been said of it by Residents and travellers.

To extract passages from Mr. Taylor's pictorial description of India would be to cut squares out of a panorama. We will ask the reader to glance, instead, at a prim Chinese interior:—

We are curious to inspect the dwelling of a Chinaman of the better class, and our friend, who is fortunately able to assist us, conducts us to the house of a wealthy old merchant. It is a stone building, recently erected, and everything about it indicates great neatness, and an approach to taste in the owner. In the open verandah are boxes of the *man-tan*, or rose-scented peony, with gorgeous white and crimson blossoms, and the *lan-wei*, a water-plant of an orchideous nature, with a long spike of yellowish-green flowers. The *man-tan* also decorates the rooms, which are hung with lanterns of stained glass. The furniture is of wood, of a stiff, uncomfortable pattern, but elaborately carved. The owner, an urbane, polite old gentleman, regales us with cups of stewed tea, whose delicate aroma compensates for the absence of milk and sugar, and asks us up stairs into his library. The shelves are covered with Chinese works, bound in their wooden covers, and in the centre of the room stands a bronze frame, with three apertures at the top, and a bundle of arrows. The latter are the implements of a game which the host explains to us, by taking the arrows to the further end of the room, seizing one by the tip of the shaft with his thumb and fore-finger, and throwing it so as to fall into one of the small circular openings of the frame. We try a game, whereof the victory, owing to his more extensive practice, remains with him.

The following, which refers to the environs of Shanghai, might serve to illustrate the sides of some mighty porcelain jar, only it has a better perspective:—

The country is a dead level, watered with sluggish creeks, and intersected with ditches and canals. It is studded far and near with shapeless mounds of earth erected over obsolete natives; sparingly dotted with clumps of dark cedar-trees or plantations of the inestimable bamboo, and enlivened by occasional hamlets, which, shaded with leafy willows, have a pleasant, rural aspect when seen from a distance, but are mostly disgusting when you draw near. The soil is a very rich clayey loam, and yields abundant crops of rice, wheat, sweet potatoes, beets, beans, pea-nuts, and the other staples of Chinese food. Much of it must have been originally marsh land, which has been drained by canals and the gradual rise of the coast, from the deposits of the Yang-tee-Kiang. The paths from village to village are on narrow dykes, winding between the fields, and crossing the ditches by bridges formed of single large slabs of granite, which are brought down from the hills. Occasionally you see a highway, six or eight feet broad, paved with blocks of stone, laid transversely, but I doubt whether a carriage could go in any direction further than two or three miles from the city. I sometimes met a Chinaman of the better class mounted on a sturdy little pony, and once encountered a traveller from Soo-Chow in the national conveyance of China—the wheelbarrow! He was seated sideways, with his legs dangling below, while his baggage, placed on the opposite side, served to trim the vehicle. It was a one-horse wheelbarrow, propelled by a stout coolie, with a strap over his shoulders, and made a doleful creaking as it passed.

Accompanying the American mission to Japan, Mr. Taylor paid a visit to the Loo-Choo Isles. In this group, as in the island of Java, vast natural amphitheatres are terraced with rice-fields, lawns, and villages, as near to the ideal—in a distant view—as the valley of Russelas. At the Loo-Choo capital works in sculpture were observed, especially at the "viceroys' palace," "the Elegant Enclosure of Fragrant Festivities." Thence passing to the Japanese coast, Mr. Bayard Taylor had some experience of Japanese affectation and jealousy. It is probably on account of the rule in the American navy, that all journals kept by officers (our traveller was an officer *pro tem.*) should be surrendered to Government, that this part of the book is less animated than the rest. We will wait for Commodore Perry's narrative, and return westwards through the Indian seas:—

From dawn until dark we went slowly loitering past the lovely islands that gem

those remote seas, until the last of them sank astern in the flush of sunset. Nothing can be more beautiful than their cones of never-fading verdure, draped to the very edge of the waves, except where some retreating cove shows its beach of snow-white sands. On the larger ones are woody valleys, folded between the hills, and opening upon long slopes, overgrown with the cocoa-palm, the mango, and many a strange and beautiful tree of the tropics. The light, lazy clouds, suffused with a crimson flush of heat, that floated slowly through the upper heavens, cast shifting shadows upon the masses of foliage, and deepened, here and there, the dark-purple hue of the sea. Retreating behind one another until they grew dim and soft as clouds on the horizon, and girdled by the most tranquil of oceans, these islands were real embodiments of the joyous fancy of Tennyson, in his dream of the Indies, in "Locksley Hall." Here, although the trader comes, and the flags of the nations of far continents sometimes droop in the motionless air—here are still the heavy-blossomed bowers and the heavy-fruited trees, the summer isles of Eden in their purple spheres of sea. The breeze fell nearly to a calm at noonday, but our vessel still moved noiselessly southward, and island after island faded from green to violet, and from violet to the dim, pale blue that finally blends with the air.

This narrative is bright in style, and in matter at once varied and entertaining.

LEWIS'S RIVERS.

An Account of the Rivers of England and Wales. By Samuel Lewis, Jun., Author of "The History and Topography of the Parish of St. Mary, Islington." Longman and Co.

A nook full of suggestive matters, and yet disappointing. "The dripping of other men's wit," as Margaret of Newcastle said of this sort of thing, unless cemented together by a mind sympathetic with the subject, is at the best uneven reading. Carlyle says we are all poets when we read a poem well; but by that rule a compiler, if he understand his work, ought to be equal to his authorities. Now, the English rivers, without a pun, are a fertile source—almost too fertile. They are perplexing from their number: while many of them, though of tiniest dimensions, have some importance from the lands through which they run, and the uses they serve. A dictionary of English rivers, therefore, is a good idea; it is one of the desirable companions to the newspapers, and to the railway guide, for the traveller, and the commercial traveller. Mr. Lewis has still left the work a desideratum. We have a thick post octavo volume, with a vast number of streams alphabetically noted; but the description of each fails for most things that would be sought in such a dictionary. The author gives you a description of the stream, its source, the towns it passes, its scenery, its junction with the sea or some other stream—in short, such description of the stream as might be given by a guide from a mountain-top or a balloon; but no account of the river. The breadth is given only at rare intervals; the depth seldom; the soil through which the stream passes hardly ever, and only in the rapidest terms; the nature of the trade, the size, population, and character of the towns, are mostly omitted, or touched in phrases so slight, as to be worth nothing. It is much if you get the length of the stream, its breadth here and there, and the names of the towns which it passes. In short, it is the description of the rivers by a painter—without a powerful command of descriptive language. Yes, there is one particular often noted—the description of fish to be found. Mr. Lewis's sources of information are of very various worth; they are given at the end of every article, so that the reader may modify his opinion of a description according to his estimate of the books consulted.

Yet even imperfectly treated the subject is fertile—even without the practical and commercial there was much to tell—much more than Mr. Lewis has told. There is hardly a stream in England which has not its bright particular poet. Every bank is haunted by a sentiment, and images of beauty in themselves lovely are heightened and increased by their *genius loci*. Perhaps every one has experienced a feeling of unrest in looking at running water; and if the heart were not so secret in its workings, if the mirror were not so transitory in its reflexions, water, with its mysterious influence, might let one into the marrow of many a man's history. Wordsworth writes of the "power of waters over the minds of poets;" Shelley evidently had an immense sympathy with the crystal element, with its beauty, its change, its power. But for this sympathy we should never have had that perfect but desperately mournful complaint of his written near Naples; and on referring to the stanzas, we see Shelley must have been affected by the unrest we have spoken of:—

The lightning of the noonday ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion:
How sweet did any heart now share in my emotion.

Poets with nerves less stretched than Shelley's have become, as it were, wedded to the waters of their home. Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge, inspired by the scenery amid which they thought, earned for themselves the title of "Lake poets." The Duddon, a mountainous stream on the confines of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire, furnished Wordsworth with subjects for thirty-three sonnets, clear and stately as the spotless flood which inspired them. The Rotha, another river in the Lake district, seemed to vie with "long-loved Duddon" in exciting the untired exuberance of the virtuous poet: he composed thousands of verses beside it, many of them commemorating the lake, the valley, and the surrounding scenery. Hartley Coleridge, the unhappy man whom some one has described as "wandering like a breeze," ended his troubled life in a cottage on the banks of the Rotha. Yet Mr. Lewis, for all his exclusive attention to the picturesque, shirks the duty of describing the beauties of this river; appending to his notice, by way of apology, that it is "impossible in a limited space." The plea reminds one of the young lady who excused herself from repeating her lesson because she knew it too well.

The "rippling Trent" is the well-beloved river of Kirke White; and Wilford, a village on its right bank, was his retreat during illness. The islet to which he forded, the hut where he dreamed with his eyes open, and the

woods where he wandered at night, have all become familiar to the readers of the poet untimely snatched away. Poets, however, who have penetrated that divine mystery which lies everywhere, in everything—who have revealed what it is a necessity of their nature to reveal—are not always "first-rate" at etymology; and the derivation of the "brawling Trent" remains in their hands in any but a satisfactory state. Drayton, Spenser, and Milton account for the name, because of "fishes thirty kind" abounding in it, and because of its receiving thirty tributaries "in many a sundry way." Walton, of heavenly memory, favoured the idea of thirty several sorts of fish; but Camden, with noble indignation, pronounces all who derive the name from the French *trente* to be ignorant and idle pretenders.

Thomas Warton, though by no means a great poet, was inspired by his "sweet native stream," the Loddon, to become its laureate. Ranked at Oxford among the "idlers," and his manner of speech compared by Johnson to the "gobble of a turkey," the comfortable collegian could not but be moved to numbers by his beloved river. The sonnet beginning "Oh what a weary race my feet have run," will live as long as sentiment endures.

Suffolk, much-abused as "silly," to those who know not how wise is unchanged simplicity, which begins where wisdom ends, has had her river-poets, ancient and modern. The Orwell is mentioned by Chaucer in the prologue to his "Merchant's Tale," and by Drayton in his "Polyolbron." Stowmarket, past which the river runs, was visited more than once by Milton, whose name is associated with a venerable mulberry-tree in the vicarage garden. Orwell Park was the residence of the celebrated Admiral Vernon; and a little farther on was born Thomas Cavendish, the second Englishman who sailed round the world. The Alde, which waters the eastern part of Suffolk, supplied Crabbe with the greater part of his subjects; and in the rustic village of Yoxford, so rustic and beautiful as to be called the "garden of Suffolk," lived and sang James Bird, whose verse survives to show how the heart of Suffolk could produce the artist and the gentleman in the most graceful type of that happy combination; and although Mr. Lewis forgets to say so many things, he cannot forget the indigenous poet who sang the Vale of Slaughtden. The Vale now presents a totally different appearance; it neither realises the poet's description, nor deserves the encomiums lavished upon it by Camden's "Nourrice of Antiquitie."

Isaac Walton, that "father of fishermen," has immortalised his favourite river, the Lea, by his book upon angling—"The Contemplative Man's Recreation"—that is, has immortalised it for those who do not think angling is to be considered as a "stick and a string, with a fool at one end and a fly at the other." Angling, says Walton, is a rest to the mind, a cheerer of spirits, a calmer of inquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions.

Here we may
Think and pray,
Before death
Stops our breath,

sings this patriarch on the bank of his river; and the next moment he teacheth the way to prepare "an excellent bait" for trout. "Take one or more, if need be, of these large yellow caddis (worms), pull off his head, and with it pull out his black gut," &c., &c. Fancy this from a man who was always piquing himself on the innocence of his amusement! Another complacent injunction of this kind is to impale a certain worm twice upon the hook, because it is lively and might get off! The Meece is the native river of Walton, where he found "the longest summer day too short for his loved pastime;" and by the Itchen in Hampshire rest his mortal remains; so that even in death he is not separated from his too beloved trout.

Among the list of anglers it is not unnatural to find the names of Gay and Thomson; Sir Humphrey Davy, amid all his scientific investigations, found time to tempt the tenants of the brook; and Archdeacon Paley, when questioned about the progress of one of his books, announced its forthcoming "after the fishing season." The *Book of English Rivers*, indeed, is not a bad companion for the angler: the best points for fishing are indicated, and the fishes peculiar to each stream are enumerated. The Thames keeps up its reputation for furnishing good sport. Mr. Lewis says of it—

"Few streams contain a greater variety of fish and fishing-stations than the Thames. The trout are few in number, but celebrated for their large size and the excellence of their flavour. The pike and jack are more numerous, and the following fish are abundant in all parts of the Thames, from Battersea Bridge upwards, namely, perch, barbel, chub, eels, lampreys (or seven eyes), flounders, roach, dace, gudgeons, bleak, ruffe, and minnows. In some places, fine carp and tench are taken."

FOUR AMERICAN BOOKS.

My Bondage and Freedom. By Frederick Douglass. With an Introduction by Dr. James McCune Smith. Trübner and Co.

Pictures of Europe, Framed in Ideas. By C. A. Bartol. Trübner and Co.

The Unholy Alliance: an American View of the War in the East. By William Giles Dix. Trübner and Co.

Letters to the People on Health and Happiness. By Catharine E. Beecher. Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

THERE are many autobiographies more renowned and less readable than that of Mr. Frederick Douglass, the "coloured" orator and journalist of Rochester, in the state of New York. Without disparagement of the importance of his later career, we cannot but thank the author for giving more than two-thirds of his book to the story of his slave-life. This story he tells in a clear, connected, and generally dispassionate manner, impressing us with its truth more through the probability of its sequences than by graphic portraiture. Still, here and there, the writing becomes animated and picturesque. The volume is edited by Dr. James McCune Smith—himself the son, as he informs us, of a self-emancipated bondwoman. In an introduction, and in a short note to an appendix, the editor completely falls in with the American humour of extravagant laudation. Hear Dr. James McCune Smith, on the "style" of his author:—

The style of Mr. Douglass in writing, is to me an intellectual puzzle. The strength, affluence and terseness may easily be accounted for, because the style of a man is the man; but how are we to account for that rare polish in his style of writing, which, most critically examined, seems the result of careful early culture among the best classics of our language; it equals if it does not surpass the style of Hugh Miller, which was the wonder of the British literary public, until he unraveled the mystery in the most interesting of autobiographies.

We confess a decided inclination to place Mr. Douglass above the parallels discovered on his account by Dr. James McCune Smith. But the next bit of comparative criticism is irresistible:—

The very marvel of his style would seem to be a development of that other marvel,—how his mother learned to read. The versatility of talent which he wields, in common with Dumas, Ira Aldridge, and Miss Greenfield, would seem to be the result of the grafting of the Anglo-Saxon on good, original, negro stock.

Does the reader happen to know anything of the versatility of Mr. Ira Aldridge, the "African tragedian," as he is called? We do. We once saw him play *Othello*, with incredible heaviness, and heard him, the same night, sing "Possum up a gum tree, gum tree, gum tree," with admirable comic effect. Miss Greenfield, we presume, is the "Black Malibran," as Mr. Lumley, with true managerial taste, entitled her in the bills of her Majesty's Theatre. We were not then told that the lady was versatile—an unpardonable omission of Mr. Lumley's.

Turning from Dr. James McCune Smith (in the midst of whose grotesque eulogy there is apparent a sincere belief in its justice and a warm regard for its subject) to Mr. Frederick Douglass himself, we will first rid ourselves of an unpleasant duty, and say that, viewing him by the light of his narrative, his letters, his editorial writings, and his speeches—and not knowing anything about him besides—we don't like him. That he is not, by nature, a vain or a hard man we are willing to believe; his story affords good ground for the charitable supposition that circumstances have made him both; but we are not above vulgar prejudices, and are unphilosophical enough to consider men pretty much as we find them. We find Mr. Frederick Douglass vain and hard—probably from external causes—and we don't like him. His intellectual qualities are considerable, but not astonishing. Such as they are, his friend Dr. Smith has mistaken them in the most ludicrous way. We are told that certain very ordinary speeches, published in the appendix, "for originality of thought, beauty and force of expression, and for impassioned indignatory eloquence, have seldom been equaled" (sic). Mr. Douglass appears to us, and, we have no doubt, to most readers of his story, as a man with a good head for a long statement of a case. He puts his facts together remarkably well. Beyond this we do not think his most partial admirer, not an American, could find much to say that is important.

Let us now turn to the book for a taste of the author's quality. The account of the origin of Tuckahoe—the name of his birthplace in the slave state of Maryland, is amusing:—

It (the name) was given to this section of country probably, at the first, merely in derision; or it may possibly have been applied to it, as I have heard, because some one of its earlier inhabitants had been guilty of the petty meanness of stealing a hoe—or taking a hoe—that did not belong to him. Eastern Shore men usually pronounce the word *took*, as *tuck*; *Took-a-hoe*, therefore, is, in Maryland parlance, *Tuckahoe*. But, whatever may have been its origin—and about this I will not be positive—that name has stuck to the district in question; and it is seldom mentioned but with contempt and derision, on account of the barrenness of its soil, and the ignorance, indolence, and poverty of its people. Decay and ruin are everywhere visible, and the thin population of the place would have quitted it long ago, but for the Choptank river, which runs through it, from which they take abundance of shad and herring, and plenty of ague and fever.

He is sent to a noted "breaker" of slaves, a Mr. Covey, who was said to "enjoy religion." Mr. Covey instructs the new hand in the art of driving oxen:—

Mr. Covey took a rope, about ten feet long and one inch thick, and placed one end of it around the horns of the "in hand ox," and gave the other end to me, telling me that if the oxen started to run away, as the scamp knew they would, I must hold on to the rope and stop them. I need not tell any one who is acquainted with either the strength or the disposition of an untamed ox, that this order was about as unreasonable, as a command to shoulder a mad bull! I had never driven oxen before, and I was as awkward, as a driver, as it is possible to conceive. It did not answer for me to plead ignorance to Mr. Covey; there was something in his manner that quite forbade that. He was a man to whom a slave seldom felt any disposition to speak. Cold, distant, morose, with a face wearing all the marks of capacious pride and malicious sternness, he repelled all advances. Covey was not a large man; he was only about five feet ten inches in height, I should think; short necked, round shoulders; of quick and wiry motion, of thin and wolfish visage; with a pair of small, greenish-grey eyes, set well back under a forehead without dignity, and constantly in motion, and floating his passions, rather than his thoughts, in sight, but denying them utterance in words. The creature presented an appearance altogether ferocious and sinister, disagreeable and forbidding in the extreme. When he spoke, it was from the corner of his mouth, and in a sort of light growl, like a dog, when an attempt is made to take a bone from him. The fellow had already made me believe him even worse than he had been represented. With his directions, and without stopping to question, I started for the woods, quite anxious to perform my first exploit in driving, in a creditable manner. The distance from the house to the woods gate—a full mile, I should think—was passed over with very little difficulty; for although the animals ran, I was fleet enough, in the open field, to keep pace with them; especially as they pulled me along at the end of the rope; but, on reaching the woods, I was speedily thrown into a distressing plight. The animals took fright, and started off furiously into the woods, carrying the cart, full tilt, against trees, over stumps, and dashing from side to side, in a manner altogether frightful. As I held the rope, I expected every moment to be crushed between the cart and the huge trees, among which they were so furiously dashing. After running thus for several minutes, my oxen were, finally, brought to a stand, by a tree, against which they dashed themselves with great violence, upsetting the cart, and entangling themselves among sundry young aspen. By the shock, the body of the cart was flung in one direction, and the wheels and a tongue in another, and all in the greatest confusion. There I was, all alone, in a thick wood, to which I was a stranger; my cart upset and shattered; my oxen entangled, wild, and enraged; and I, poor soul! but a green hand, to set all this disorder right. I knew no more of oxen than the ox driver is supposed to know of wisdom. After standing a few moments surveying the damage and disorder, and not without a presentiment that this trouble would draw after it others, even more dis-

trussing, I took one end of the cart body, and, by an extra outlay of strength, I lifted it toward the axle-tree, from which it had been violently flung; and after much pulling and straining, I succeeded in getting the body of the cart in its place. This was an important step out of the difficulty, and its performance increased my courage for the work which remained to be done. The cart was provided with an axe, a tool with which I had become pretty well acquainted in the ship-yard at Baltimore. With this, I cut down the saplings by which my oxen were entangled, and again pursued my journey, with my heart in my mouth, lest the oxen should again take it into their numerous heads to cut up a caper. My fears were groundless. Their spree was over for the present, and the rascals now moved off as soberly as though their behaviour had been natural and exemplary. On reaching the part of the forest where I had been, the day before, chopping wood, I filled the cart with a heavy load, as a security against another running away. But, the neck of an ox is equal in strength to iron. It defies all ordinary burdens when excited.

Pictures of Europe, Framed in Ideas, is a title requiring a little explanation. Much as it looks like a meaningless conceit, there is in it, when we begin to find out the plan of the book, some faint glimpse of a meaning. The title, in fact, comes as near a thought as any one sentence in the work, which is throughout a painful struggle to look like something wonderfully imaginative and profound. The "pictures" are represented by a series of essays generalising in turn the "Mountains," the "Rivers," the "Lakes," and the "Seas"—not of Europe especially, but of Nature at large, and very much at large, too. The ideal frames are verses which have a mystic reference to the subject of each essay. We have not named all the subjects, or the titles rather, of the unpictorial pictures which Mr. Bartol has, in his own manner, framed and—he might have said—glazed. There is "Superiority of Art to Nature;" there is "Testimony of Art to Religion" (a perfectly unreadable chapter); there is "The Enduring Kingdom;" and there are "The Church," "Society," "Country," "Mankind," "History," "Destiny," and one or two more. "Superiority of Art to Nature" shall afford us a specimen of the ideas with which Mr. Bartol can afford to frame his—other kind of work:—

In ecstasy the human creature stands
Before the world built wondrous by God's hands;
The while God's spirit, through the creature's will,
Buildeth another world more wondrous still.
Art is man's nature, ere the earth he trod:
Man's nature is transcendent art of God.

This, the reader will understand, is the idea. Now for the platitude:—

The whole intent of the present essay may move only to doubt and surprise. To most persons, probably no proposition could be a more decided paradox than that of the superiority of art to nature. Nay, not a few may consider the statement impious. "What man has added to the world, is finer than the world itself!" they may exclaim. "The thought is blasphemy." But why blasphemy? What is added is added by the soul,—is it not? And what is the soul, but the most admirable part of God's own creation? How, then, does it contradict the spirit of reverence, if it places him to make the soul his tool of further results nobler than the rudeness of the rocks and the clouds of the valley? Besides, it is among the Creator's first recorded commands to his children, to subdue the earth,—a direction implying some excess or departure in nature which he would have them overrule. In substance he says to them, "I have made the world for you; but I have made it in the rough, and left it for you to finish. I have but hewn out the model, and left it for you to polish. I did not wish to give it to you unimprovable, but so that your own faculties would be unfolded in your labours to perfect it."

This confusion of meanings—the indifferent use of the word *art* for beautiful, but otherwise unnecessary production, and for useful production or improvement—would be marvellous did we not recollect the blunder of the Royal Academy in taking as the motto of its catalogue that passage from the *Winter's Tale* in which "art" simply means the gardener's art of grafting. It is curious to follow Mr. Bartol as he works away on this fallacy, imports other fallacies foreign to the question, darts off to seize a distant idea, does not seize it, gets back to his fallacies, begins to show signs of distress, revives, flags, revives again, and finally sinks into the state of utter prostration in which we find him near the end of the chapter:—

The hopeless feeling with which one undertakes to describe Nature, or reads his own description, is only aggravated in regard to any account he may give of the trophies of Art. He finds he cannot tell what is in her first chamber and on her lowest shelf. How I am afflicted by the poverty of what I have said, as, at the moment of tracing these characters, there rush back upon me—at first in a splendid confusion, in the halls of fancy, which I have no time to analyse, and which it would take folios to record—the contents of a hundred museums, displaying those victories over matter, so much nobler than of man over his brother man! I try to single out, as within the range of my present aim, the meanest department in this register of spiritual conquests; and I am at once overwhelmed with a multitude of shining objects that come upon the mind, as upon the conspiring woman came the soldiers' shields in the Roman story.

Let us hope that Mr. Bartol will find time to analyse the halls of fancy, before he publishes a second edition of his book.

The *Letters of Mrs. Catharine E. Beecher* are introduced to the public in these words:—

There are certain portions of this work which the author was unwilling to bring before the public on her own responsibility. With reference to this, proof copies of the work were sent to a large number of cultivated and judicious ladies of influence and position in various sections of the country, in order to secure their opinion as to what should be said and what be omitted.

The result is, there is not a sentence in this work which has not been sanctioned by the approval of those, whom all will concede to be the proper and most highly-qualified judges of propriety on such subjects.

There must be a constitutional coolness about a lady who thus assumes, on account of her own book, an unassailable position for a friendly and anonymous jury of matrons. Whether so much anatomical knowledge as Mrs. Beecher puts into words is or is not good family reading—whether the venous diagrams which occur so frequently in her book are or are not all strictly "proper"—is surely matter of opinion, be the influence, cultivation, judgment, and numerical strength of her adherents what they may. Our opinion of Mrs. Beecher will allow us to have any, is that her book contains many valuable hints, and cannot do harm to young or old readers. But we

boldly tell her that we are not awed into this opinion by the names of the ladies she has not mentioned in her "Introductory Notice."

The book called *The Unholy Alliance*, and further described as an American view of the war in the East, is by a Mr. William Giles Dix, who in the December of 1853 put forth a pamphlet (he says) "condemning the threatened course of Western Europe in upholding by force the Ottoman Empire, and remonstrating against the predilections in behalf of Turkey which then prevailed much more extensively than now in the United States." Mr. Dix, who places the motto "*Christo et Cruci*" on his title-page, and relies mainly on the abstract religious argument against supporting "the historic enemy of Christianity," is clearly animated by a hatred, not of Turkey but of England. We have left ourselves no space to deal with Mr. Dix. Very few, we think, even among those Americans who share his anti-English feeling, will rate highly his religion, his polity, or his powers of argument. From the line or two we have quoted, our English readers may form an opinion (which a nearer acquaintance with the book will not mend) of his grammatical proficiency.

MODERN PAINTING AT NAPLES.

Notes on Modern Painting at Naples. By Lord Napier.

J. W. Parker.

ix the intervals of cold and elegant criticism applied to special painters, Lord Napier discusses the history of modern Italian art. He traces a parallel between its fluctuations and the political vicissitudes of the peninsula. When Naples reposed under the sway of Church and throne, with wealthy nobles and wealthier priests, its painters were true to the traditions of their country's genius. When conflicting powers arose, and the revenues of the hierarchy were partially restored to the nation, the fine arts decayed with the patronage that encouraged them. From this retrospect the moral of the picture is derived:—

Should the monarchical party maintain its present ascendancy, there will undoubtedly be a rapid increase in the wealth of the religious orders; a greater refinement of taste, an aspiration for the loftier exponents of devotional feeling, a desire to multiply all the appliances and instruments of ceremonial exhibition will revive with the improvement in their social and financial position, and the Church, enriched and elevated, may again become for a time the nursing mother of the arts.

We are inclined to question the identity here suggested between the advancement of the beautiful arts and the prosperity of the religious orders. The artist's inspiring sentiment, no doubt, is often connected with his religion. It was so in Greece. It was so in mediæval Italy. It was so in Gothic England. It is so still, wherever art has life. But never, anywhere, have great ecclesiastical corporations, such as have lately been dissolved in Piedmont and aggrandised in Tuscany, proved the highest teachers or the truest friends of art. In the Athenian annals it is not found that the priesthood fostered that genius which irradiated the age of Pericles. It was from the prodigious emulation of the cities—a free political as well as a devotional spirit—that the multitude of temples arose before the Persian war, which enhanced for centuries the natural beauty of Greece. It was to satisfy the public ideal that pictures were hung in the portico no less than on sacred walls. Nor is it certain that the archaic style—which contented the votaries, and ornamented the inferior temples—was not coarse and meretricious compared with that which sprang from a popular piety, distinct from the influence of the sacerdotal class. The practice of colouring and gilding statuary was probably carried to its theatrical excess by artists working for patrons equivalent to the monastic dilettanti of our times—the decorators of Roman and Russian chapels. Lord Napier dilates on the neglect of art which supervened on the partial destruction of the order of priests in the last century. We are not sure that the Church revival produced any new and pure Renaissance in France, Spain, or Italy. The grossly-coloured pictures and ignoble carvings—triumphal altar-pieces and crosses which were then multiplied in the South, were vile enough to deprave the population, and it has not been through the influence of the clergy that nobler forms of art have flourished in any of those countries.

Italian art attained its finest—perhaps final—development during the turbulent period of the Republics, and was not indebted for its best encouragement to the inspirations of the ecclesiastical body. It was in the age of political activity, of municipal independence, of free thought and bold ambition, that the Italians were most cultured, and Italy most richly adorned. From a flourishing commerce rose the palaces of Genoa; by a civic pride which spurned the Church was kindled the half-Saracenic genius of the Venetians. There is an era, no doubt, in the history of nations, when art, like learning, is reared to mature proportions in the shade of cells and cloisters. But in those retirements philosophy also was nursed—that philosophy, among the rest, which produced the Reformation, and led to the dispersion of the religious orders. Science emerged from monastic recesses; literature took refuge in them. If Lord Napier's historical theory be sound, letters, science, philosophy, should withdraw into conventual twilight, and prosper in the shade. The answer, perhaps, would be that in these elements all human interests float, while art is the vehicle of religion. We are fatigued by the prevailing doctrines concerning "Christian art." The artist's office is not alone to idealise the mystic scenes that have passed between heaven and earth, the beatitudes of saints, the devotion of martyrs. There are other grand heads to paint than those of prophets and apostles. They look down on us in the Italian galleries. There are all the variations of human joy and sorrow, reaching as far as poetry can range, and some most exquisite idealisations which the Church would exclude. Lord Napier regrets that the moderns have dedicated epochs of their art to the illustration of pagan legends, which have no place in our sympathies or affections. But the remark applies with as much force to a vast range of Christian subjects—the quaint and fantastic allegories of the Pre-Raphaelite age. There is the taste of the cardinal, and the taste of the merchant-prince—of Leo and of Lorenzo. Indeed, the ecclesiastical style—in painting—has never been distinguished by purity. Who were they disfigured with gilt crowns the Madonnas of Raphael? Who draped the naked figures of Michael Angelo? Leo the Tenth was not, as a churchman, a great inspirer—as a

prince he would have been the same. Moreover, the highest artistic perfection was not reached by the most devotional painters, Fra Angelico, Cimabue, or others of their race. The academies, the senatorial halls, the chambers of civic palaces, received the richest tributes of Italian art; but, when the religious orders were most dense and wealthy, we do not find that as patrons they were either magnificent or judicious. In the kingdom of Piedmont art has received its latest impulse since the destruction of those orders. In Naples, the restored clergy exhibit only a polluted taste. We protest against the view propounded by Lord Napier, that Italy must sacrifice her arts if she extirpate those consuming hordes of priests and friars to which she has too long sacrificed herself.

Lord Napier held a diplomatic appointment at the Court of Naples in 1848, when politics disturbed the fastidious lassitude of the dilettanti. "Even cultivated men" were envenomed by the asperities of the revolution, and the noble diplomatist was forced "to recover his serenity" by studying the local arts. In Naples there is a rich realm beyond the footpaths of the ciccone, and the directions of Murray's Guide—"a whole quarter of remote deserted sanctuaries and palaces," where the relics of an impoverished priesthood and extinct aristocracy are accumulated in marvellous profusion. In these vast dwellings, where the vine wanders from the broken pergola, and the fresco blisters in the sun, Lord Napier mused, a Marius of the Church, with King Ferdinand's policemen at his heels—

Who conceived that they were tracking a conspirator when they were only chasing a virtuoso. Great must have been the vexations and perplexities of the weary myrmidons of Campo Basso and Morbilli prosecuting the steps of the agent of Palmerston to crypts, and sacristies, and cupolas, and up the marble stairs wasted by sordid feet, where misery traffics with the relics of ancestral splendour, forcing the panels for intelligence, of which he had just been admiring the intarsia; intent upon Tower muskets, ciphers, and foreign subsidy, but sequestering the ivory Addolorata, arresting the mythologic gem, or capturing the morsel of majolica; breaking into the fancied confabulation of Calabrian braves, and discovering the saints and martyrs smiling and suffering on the wall.

Yet this writer prays for the Bourbon monarchy, degraded by its fears, for the sake of high priests and high arts, as though under a corrupt system priesthood remained pure. In harmony with these tendencies are his statements concerning the misfortunes of Italy. Exhaustion, poverty, debt, terror—all are inheritances of the revolutionary period. Let the people be reconciled to their devouring clergy and their savage princes, and all will go well. The French will recal their eagles; the Austrians will retire "within the bounds of indefeasible treaties and of hereditary right;" King Ferdinand will cease to arm his praetorian guards. Exiles will return, prisoners be set free. Academies will prosper, carnivals glitter, priests exult in holy Assyrian pomp. But under this sensual civilisation the roots of conspiracy will spring, because, says Lord Napier, Italy only flourishes between the intervals of her convulsions. If he were a politician and not an infatuated amateur, he would understand that Italy is periodically convulsed, not through any affinity between her people and the volcanic soil on which they train their vines, but because alien governments, despots, outworn systems, popes, Bourbons, Germans, corporate churches, have usurped her provinces, which can only find their ultimate rest in national freedom. It is time to allow Lord Napier to be the exponent of his own views:—

The catastrophes which annihilated the institutions, and almost obliterated the manners of aristocracy, did not spare those portions of the ecclesiastical fabric, which are most exposed to the ravages of political convulsion, though compared with the calamities which befel the religious Orders in France and Spain, those which they endured under the revolutionary dominion at Naples, might be deemed moderate and easy of reparation. There was a regulated confiscation, and no doubt occasional acts of violence and pillage occurred, but there was no general massacre or expulsion, no wholesale malignant demolition of sacred edifices and monuments of art. The property of the convents was seized and converted to secular use under the government of Joseph Bonaparte; the Houses were alienated and in some cases pulled down, but the church was usually left uninjured, and with the exception of objects in the precious metals, the treasures and ornaments of the sanctuary were respected. Since the restoration of the legitimate dynasty, and with it of a policy more favourable to the interests of the clergy and the Holy See, the monks have been recalled to their ancient abodes, and partially to the enjoyment of their previous revenues; where the estate had irrecoverably passed into private hands, some allowance has been made from the public funds by way of compensation, the laws have been modified in a sense not unfavourable to bequests for sacred purposes, the good Catholic has been gently invited to a posthumous liberality, and the monastic establishments have gradually attained to such a degree of temporal prosperity, that they are enabled to support the externals of religion with some magnificence, and to restore their residences with an appearance of decency, if not to their primitive splendour. The principal churches lately erected, such as that of San Francisco di Paola, which cost nearly one million sterling; that of San Carlo all' Arena, and the great funeral temple of the Campo Santo, have indeed been the work of the government or municipality, and the projected edifices at Gaeta, designed to commemorate the reception of the Pope, have originated in the devotion of the King; yet the ecclesiastical bodies are not entirely passive.

The ecclesiastical body has not yet cultivated a feeling for the arts:—

The ignorance of the priests in matters of antiquity and taste is indeed often incredibly gross, and the barbarisms perpetrated in guise of improvement are worthy of a Presbyterian heritor or English churchwarden a century ago; yet the thick darkness is already tempered by the dawn, and the morning of a brighter era is unmistakably at hand. The property of the ecclesiastical corporation is fortunately subject to conditions exactly opposite to those which continue to affect the property of the aristocracy. While the latter is liable to be dissipated and parcelled out by every individual death, the former has all the elements of stability, improvement, and expansion; it is transmitted without debt or division, it is administered with economy, and it possesses in the very essence of the popular faith a principle of development, which can only be arrested by the attacks of revolution, or the imposition of restrictive laws.

Lord Napier's notes on the foreign patrons of Italian art are interesting:—

The whole race of labourers in landscape, genre, animals, and still life, as well in water-colours as in oils, regard the traveller as their main resource, and strive during the summer to supply the requisitions of the winter visitor. The repartition of the employment thus afforded, is regulated by the taste and predilections of the various nations who combine to form the fluctuating market. In conformity with the ruling

passion of the present day, the English manifest a preference for architectural drawing, and the monuments of ecclesiastical antiquity, for all that has a Catholic and mediæval physiognomy; the Americans are the peculiar patrons of Palizzi; careless and ignorant of the chivalrous and saintly subjects, their partiality is for that class of compositions which reproduce the pastoral repose and primitive rustic manners and costume of a stationary peasant life, a condition of existence offering a poetical contrast to their own. The Russians delight in the cheerful decorative landscapes of Smargiassi and Carelli, which may diffuse a perpetual summer within their walls grateful to the eye where external nature is sad and stern; they are also the almost exclusive purchasers of the domestic interior, the faithful portrait of the southern dwelling which they forsake with such deep reluctance, and which they delight to inhabit in retrospection. The French cannot be numbered among the vagrant protectors of the Italian arts.

With the particular subject of his essay—modern painting at Naples—Lord Napier deals more successfully than with the history of Italian art. His criticism may be considered formal; but it is refined and embodied in delicate and agreeable language. We do not meet that display of enthusiasm which would justify an alarm expressed in the preface lest the painters of Naples should have been over-praised. Most of them are treated with reserve, and some with severity. Tito Angelini, the patriarch of Neapolitan artists, is reproved for "senile" egotism, an unamiable temper, an illiberal mind, and for "arid" pedantry, unrelieved by ability in composition, by any knowledge of colour or chiaro-scuro, or by any sense of grace or beauty. Justice, however, is done to his skill in drawing, to his moral character, and to the courageous honesty with which he delineated, without a flattering trait, the grotesque ugliness of Ferdinand the First—in figure a buffoon, in face a satyr.

Lord Napier examines carefully, and with obvious impartiality, the various ranks of contemporary artists, supplying a profusion of biographical detail which may find its way into manuals and encyclopedias. He presents, also, a summary of the institutions existing at Naples for the encouragement of art. The first is the Institute, the pupils of which complain that they are forced to hear sermons of deadly dullness from the friars of St. Luke, to promote the growth of Angelicos, to quell the excitabilities of genius, to explain the mysteries of the faith to which their art gives expression. Next there is the Roman School, but the scholars, since 1848, have been kept in Naples, lest they should imbibe sedition with the love of the antique. Biennial exhibitions induce the emulous to display their works, which are rewarded by a multiplicity of crosses and decorations "afflicting to analyse." The prudery of the palace and the church, however, discourages the study of the nude, so that in effect the Neapolitan artist is expected to excel without that knowledge which made Raphael's soft virgins divine, no less than Michael Angelo's figures at once holy and heroic. Stories have been circulated in Europe—though Lord Napier chooses to ignore them—of this monarch's proclamations of modesty. He is said to have draped every Venus, rendered episcopal homage to every Apollo, and veiled the brightness of every joyous Bacchante. These tales are not incredible, for Lord Napier himself alludes to shrouded pictures in the Neapolitan galleries.

This small volume is of considerable interest. It is graceful, studied, intelligent. The moral we affirm to be corrupt; the historical view narrow and pernicious; but Lord Napier is, as he avows himself to be, a dilettante,—a political sceptic, but in art sectarian. His criticisms on the works of profane painters are not, perhaps, illiberal; but his sympathy touches only one form of art—the religious—and for this, which he thinks is promoted by the Roman Catholic orders, he would tolerate in Naples the beggars, Bourbons, and Caraffas, who have reduced it to moral desolation.

The Arts.

THE DEAD SEASON AT THE THEATRES.

THE London seeker after amusement (if such a being can at present be found, the more comfortable part of Cockaigne not having yet returned from the seaside) is at this moment a person to be pitied. Not but what there is much to interest and entertain now as at all times in the great metropolis; but the man who makes a business of amusement—who wants continual stimulants for his mental palate, and who thinks all serious matters "bored"—will not be contented with Polytechnic lectures and scientific miscellanea, Great Globe geography, dioramas of the war, and often-repeated farces at the theatres that are open. He has been to see Mr. ANDERSON conjure at the LYCEUM; and, wonderful as the "Professor" is, he can't go to see him night after night, any more than he could stand by the hour together looking at the electric light, which burns mystically over the portico of the Temple of Magic, and casts its great, fluctuating, ghostly rays down towards Waterloo Bridge. Mr. BRUCKSTON advertises that his is the only theatre open at the West-end; but it would seem that he calculates upon people going there because they can go nowhere else, for he does not tempt them with any novelty. However, he has a source of constant attraction in the Spanish Dancers, who now, for upwards of a year, have been accustoming our phlegmatic eyes (if anatomy will permit such an expression) to the poetry and passion, the hot blood and emphasis, the grace and flame-like vivacity, of that beautiful land whose people unite the chivalry of the West with the romance of the East. The Senora PEREA NESA and her companions are veritable Spaniards, and bring back to the minds of all who can understand the value of association thoughts of Don Quixote, of Gil Blas, and of the Cid—of the Alhambra and the Escorial—and of the wars of Moor and Christian. Nay, they will carry us further back; for these graceful men and women, who glide like snakes about the stage, or flash from side to side in passionate and rapid movement, are the genuine descendants of those natives of ancient Gades who danced before their Roman conquerors; and the fiery grace which charmed the stern, military Italians may still be seen, though the objectionable freedom has departed.

The confirmed pleasure-seeker, however, will in time get tired even of the Spanish Dancers; and what is he to do? There is no Roscosy to awaken

alternately his terror and his laughter, for the OLYMPIC is closed and dark. The doors of the ADLPHI, also, are shut against him. However, they will be open again on Monday; but he sees as yet no novelties in the offing. The SURREY THEATRE is deprived of its main attractions by the painful accident which has thrown the shadow of death round the co-lessees, Messrs. CANNICK and SHEPHERD, and compelled them to retire for the present; and our pleasure-seeker therefore sees with some satisfaction that the Opera Company, late of DRURY LANE, are about to visit the chief transpontine theatre. He also looks forward with some curiosity (such is the extremity of his destitution) to the Egyptian play in six tableaux which, after a prodigious flourish of trumpets, and a most overwhelming exhibition of play-bill learning (poor old HERODOTUS, forsooth, being pressed into the service), is to be produced on Monday at DRURY LANE. Our pleasure-seeker knows no more of ancient Egypt than we do of ancient Wisconsin; yet he thinks he should like to see the slaves and the standard-bearers, the dances and the burning incense.

Monday, indeed, is to be a great day for first appearances and produc-

tions; for our pleasure-seeker sees it announced that "Miss PRESCOTT WARDE (niece of the late celebrated tragedian, JAMES PRESCOTT WARDE) will make her first appearance at the STRAND on October 8th." Therefore there is some prospect of the dead season coming to a close. But, in the meanwhile, all is very stale; and, so thinking, the pleasure-seeker goes disconsolately over Westminster Bridge to see *The Fall of Sebastopol* at ASTLEY's, and to smile grimly at the humours of the Irish and the Highland soldier who, as usual in entertainments of this kind, are introduced to "do" the comic, the heroic, and the impossible.

THE GARDENS.—Wet weather has set in with October; and evenings are getting chilly, and nights long. The Gardens, accordingly, are beginning to close. Monday saw the end of the brief season at VAUXHALL; on which occasion Mr. WARDELL, the late lessee of the "Royal Property," had a benefit. CREMORNE and the SURREY ZOOLOGICAL finish with the week; and the "gents," who all through the summer have flirted and danced in those rural retreats, must look forward to hibernating at the theatres, which will shortly be open to receive them.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Tuesday, October 2.

BANKRUPTCY ANNULLED.—HUGH WELCH COOPER, Wakefield-street, Regent-square, and New Oxford-street, licensed victualler.

BANKRUPTS.—RICHARD MOGG ARNOLD, King-street, Covent-garden, and Stephenson-terrace, Caledonian-road, cheesemonger—THOMAS WATLAND, Battersea, beer-shop keeper—LYON SAMUEL, Bury-street, St. Mary-axe, goldsmith—JOHN COOKE, Raven-row, Spitalfields, and elsewhere, glass manufacturer—RICHARD HOYES, West Cowes, Isle of Wight, postmaster—GEORGE POTYER, Derby, boot manufacturer—ISAIAH BELCHER, Wolverhampton, auger manufacturer—RICHARD GOODWIN, Derby, grocer—JAMES KENTON, Blackburn, innkeeper.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—J. ROBERTSON, Glasgow, grain merchant—C. RICHARDSON, Glasgow, patent medicine dealer—H. SMITH, Pollokshaws and Glasgow, Turkey red dyer—A. KING, Borrowstownness, merchant—J. McDONALD, Glasgow, engraver—A. GALBREATH and S. SMITH, Glasgow, ship brokers.

Friday, October 5.

BANKRUPTS.—HENRY BULL and JOHN JAMES HARPER, Greenwich, upholsterers—CECELIA JAMES COTTELL, Abingdon, Berks, draper—GUSTAVE LOUIS LONGFILL, Pilgrim-street, Ludgate-hill, merchant—THOMAS SMITH, Kingston-upon-Hull, grocer—HENRY LEE FRY, Plymouth, carver and gilder—GEORGE THOMPSON, Annesborough, leather seller—HENRY WILLIAM JEFFREY, Kingston-upon-Hull, cotton spinner—WILLIAM FISHER, Stratford-upon-Avon, grocer—JOSEPH BRATHWAITE, Saint Mary's, Stafford, miller—JOHN MAY, Barnstable, manufacturer.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—JOHN WALKER, Maryhill, near Glasgow, baker and grain dealer—PATRICK WALLACE, Perth, coach builder—JAMES MITCHELL, Glasgow, commission merchant—GEORGE SMITH, Glasgow, manufacturing chemist—THOMAS CROOKS and Co., Glasgow, warehousemen.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

BEVAN.—September 28 and 29, at Bury St. Edmunds, the wife of Beckford Bevan, Esq.: twins—a son and a daughter.

DAY.—September 27, at 14, Albert-terrace, Westbourne-grove west, Bayswater, the wife of John C. F. S. Day, Esq., barrister-at-law: a son.

LAING.—October 2, at Sydenham, the wife of S. Laing, Esq., M.P.: a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

BEAUMONT.—EDWARDS. — September 25, at Stanton Lacey, Salop, Henry Beaumont, Esq., of Grantham, fourth son of George Beaumont, Esq., of Bridgeford-hill, Notts, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of J. S. Edwards, Esq., of Stanton Lacey.

BELL.—HARRISON. — September 28, at the parish church, Onchan, Isle of Man, the Rev. William Bell, M.A., Brasenose College, Oxford, and Head-Master of the Cathedral School, Carlisle, to Clara Jane, daughter of Henry Harrison, Esq., Summer-hill, near Douglas, and Cheadle, Cheshire.

FARMILLOE.—PIGOTT. — September 29, at St. John's, Upper Holloway, George, second son of George Farmiloe, Esq., of Filarye House, Park-road, Upper Holloway, and St. John's-street, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late David Wray Pigott, Esq., of Barret-grove, Stoke Newington, and Gresham-street, London.

DEATHS.

CUNNINGHAME.—September 5, in the Naval Hospital, Malta, of a fever caught while doing duty with his regiment in the trenches at Sebastopol, Captain Robert C. Cunningham, 42nd Royal Highlanders, third son of the late Robert Cunningham, Esq., of Lorn House, and Bannan, Isle of Man.

DELLA TORRE.—September 28, at Auteuil, near Paris, Eliza, the wife of A.M. Della Torre, Esq., most sincerely regretted.

ELLIS.—September 28, at Brighton, the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ellis, K.C.B.

LOUDON.—September 16, of gastric fever, at Wilga, in Poland, the residence of her youngest brother, Jane, sister of the late J. C. Loudon, Esq.

PRESTON.—September 8, in the attack upon the Redan, Captain Henry Preston, 90th Light Infantry, fourth son of the late Rev. William Michael Stephenson Preston, of Wacop Hall, Westmorland. His commanding officer writes that he was killed "whilst gallantly encouraging his men to the charge. By the most strenuous exertions he had obtained a very forward position within the works, although in the column of assault it fell to his lot to start last."

SMITH.—September 28, at Ibroxhill, near Glasgow, Mrs. Smith, sen., of Jordanhill, aged one hundred and one.

WELSFORD.—September 8, killed whilst gallantly leading the storming party of the Light Division at the attack upon the Redan, Major Augustus Frederick Welsford, of the 97th Regiment, son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Welsford, of the 101st Regiment, of Halifax, Nova Scotia. He was the first officer who mounted the parapet on this memorable occasion, and was killed at the moment of his doing so by a round shot.

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Friday Evening, October 5, 1855.

The Bank of England have raised their rate of discount to 5½ per cent this week, to the great dissatisfaction of the private and Joint-Stock Banks.

There has been so much mystery with regard to the absorption of gold by the Continent from this country, and the prospect of the expenses of the war being greatly increased, that the Bank directors are perhaps exercising a prudent precaution in order to check speculation beyond the ordinary requirements of commerce, and in some measure restrain the alarming drain of bullion from this country. One of the Government prints, it is observed, recommends the restriction of the export of gold by an order in council, and to the Bank of England to refuse accommodation to houses exporting gold to the continent. The effect of this latter scheme would be to paralyse trade in a great measure seeing that our great commercial firms are deeply engaged in this kind of trade.

The state of the unsatisfactory position of the money-market in France, and the "scare" being applied by the Bank here, has caused a considerable depression in Consols and the ordinary Stocks. Turkish Six per Cent., and the Four per Cent. Guaranteed Stocks have had another fall. These securities are looked upon with an evil eye by the dealers in the Stock Exchange, mainly on account of the exceedingly rapid fluctuations that the prices sustain. Yet it may happen by the 16th of the month that the Bear operations of the speculators will not be successful. There were large amounts held at high prices, and the holders could not afford to part with this at a loss of ten per cent. in a few days, and will probably hold on until there is a little more sunshine in the markets.

The trade in the Foreign securities, Brazilian, Chilean, Spanish, &c., has been tolerably well sustained, and the fall less considerable than might be expected.

Railways are much depressed, even Caledonians have given way at last. There is no special reason save the state of the Money-market.

Foreign Railway Shares come lower, and are but sparingly dealt in at present. Great Western of Canada forms an exception, with a dividend of 4 per cent. for the half year, 4½ per cent. per annum officially announced. The price of these shares has been well sustained. In Mines there is but little doing. At one time there was a languid, desultory sort of movement upwards in United Mexican, but it came to nothing. Flort Bowns have been inquired after, likewise Cobre Coppers. In the home English Mining markets there have been some few transactions in Sortridge Consols, Buller and Bassett, East Buller, Lady Bertha, and some of the young mines now springing up in Devon and Cornwall. Crystal Palaces are very heavy at 2½, 2½.

Four o'clock:—After a partial rally during the day, Consols close flat at 87½, Turkish Six per Cents. 83½, and the tone of the market gloomy.

Caledonians, 58½, 59½; Chester and Holyhead, 11½, 12½; Eastern Counties, 9½, 9½; Edinburgh and Glasgow, 40, 41; Great Northern, 85, 86; Ditto, A stock, 68, 68; Ditto, B stock, 122, 124; Great Southern and Western of Ireland, 90, 101; Great Western, 54½, 55; Lancaster and Carlisle, 69, 72; Lancashire and Yorkshire, 75, 75½; London and North Western, 91½, 92; London and Brighton, 94, 96; London and South-Western, 81½, 82½; Midland, 64, 64½; Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, 22½, 23; Berwick, 68, 69; Yorks, 45, 46; South Eastern, 56½, 57; Oxford and Worcester, 24, 25; North Staffordshire, 74, 74½; South Devon, 11½, 12½; Antwerp and Rotterdam, 7½, 8; Bombay and Baroda, 1½, 1½; Eastern of France, 34½, 35½; East Indian, 22, 22½; Ditto, Extension, 1½, 1½; Grand Trunk of Canada, 24, 24½; Great Central of France, 3½, 3½; Great Western of Canada, 23½, 24½; Luxembourgs, 3½, 4; Madras, 19½, 20; Paris and Lyons, 43, 43½; Paris and Orleans, 44, 45; Sauture and Meuse, 71, 71½; Great Western of France, 104, 112; Ardennes, 4 dis to par; Agua Fria, 3, 4; Imperial Brazil, 24, 24½; Cocoa, 3, 3½; St. John del Rey, 26, 26½; Clarendon Copper, 1 dis, 1½; Cobre, 65, 66; Linars, 7, 7½; Liberty, 1, 1½; Santiago, 31, 31½; South Australian, 1, 1½; United Mexican, 3, 3½; Wallers, 1½; Australasian Bank, 84, 86; London and Australian Chartered Bank, 19½, 20; City Bank, 1, 1½; London Bank, 40, 41; Union of Australia, 69, 71; Oriental Corporation, 46, 42; Australasian Agricultural, 28½, 29½; Canada Land, 140, 150; Canada 6 per cent. Loan, 100, 110; Crystal Palace, 21, 22; North British Australasian, 1, 1½; Oriental Gas, 1, 1½; Peel Rivers, 21, 21½; Scottish Australian Investment, 14, 14½; South Australian, 30½, 30½.

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